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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still engaged in business at the old stand opposite the Mansion House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, anything in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

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V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1883-tf.

1794. 1889.

Printing written at short notice in the
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COMMENCED BUSINESS
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T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. 10-14.-tf

WE DO NOT PLEDGE

Ourselves to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you

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At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it:

Overholts & Co.'s Pure Rye, five years old. Full quarts $1.00, or $10.00 per dozen.

Still better!

Finch's Golden Wedding, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25 or $12.00 per dozen.

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Heals the Sores,
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It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. *Sold by druggists everywhere.*
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A DROWSY DAY.

The butterflies flit here and there
About the tawny, dust-deep road,
Likes flakes of gold, in quivering glare.
Heat-shriveled vines, and leaves that shower.
Life in each leaf all breezy June,
Droop languidly along the way;
And a lone bee, with muffled croon
Seems moodily to say:
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

No silver ripple stirs the brook
Whose glassy flow slips noiselessly;
There seems no life where eyes may look;
The clouds and ships becalmed at sea.
The song lics hushed in panting throat
Of bird; grasshoppers tire of play;
The cricket seldom shrills its note,
And only then to say:
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

So noontide lapses unto eve.
The farm-house panes flash ruby-clear;
And bats their secret places leave,
And katy-dids again we hear.
The fire-flies gem the gathering shade;
The swallows cheep, in circling play;
And weary flowers, in field and glade,
Seem whispering to say:
"It was a drowsy, drowsy day."
—George Cooper, in N. Y. Independent

A CONSULTATION.

The Family Doctor and the Fashionable Physician.

I am a family doctor, with a sufficiently arduous, if not over-lucrative, practice, chiefly among the lower middle class whose homes abound in a southeastern suburb of modern Babylon. Some years ago, when I was more of a struggler than I happily now am, I had by good fortune obtained a foothold as medical adviser in the household of a wealthy city stockholder, who dwelt in a spacious and luxurious mansion some three miles further out on the Surrey hills than the extreme limits of my regular round of visits; and the fees I received for occasional calls to Mount Aureo when Mr. Midas Contango had a touch of his chronic tormenter, the gout; or his somewhat sentimental spouse—quite a grand dame, however, in her own esteem—was suffering the penalties of systematic outrage on the digestive fit-up of her portly person, were so liberal in their extent as to form in the aggregate no inconsiderable proportion of my modest income.

After my connection at Mount Aureo had continued, to the seeming satisfaction of all concerned, for some two years, I began to receive more frequent summonses thitherward. The only daughter of the Contangos, Miss Muriel, a fine, tall, gracefully-formed damsel of seventeen, who might have stood for a sculptor's model, so perfect was her physique, had returned home for her Christmas vacation from her fashionable Brighton boarding-school troubled with a slight cough. In all respects save this trifling laryngeal affection, she enjoyed the excellent health of which both her parents had had possession in their earlier days, before the indulgences which follow in wealth's wake had made them profitable acquaintances of my own. It was clear enough, too, to me that Miss Muriel Contango's throat trouble was purely local; nevertheless, it was causing serious alarm to the master and mistress of Mount Aureo, who idolized their charming daughter. The dream of the Cantango existence was to mate Miss Muriel to some scion of the aristocracy, their reputation for riches having obtained them *entree* to society to which, by birth and breeding, they were not entitled.

Mr. and Mrs. Midas Contango had both begun to dread that Miss Muriel's indisposition would culminate in bronchitis or a decline. The slightest cough, the least bronchus, raised the grim and terrible specter of phthisis, and the beautiful young lady was held to be in imminent danger of an early grave. I had examined her chest with the most anxious and minute care, but could discover nothing to justify any fear or even doubt of the correctness of my diagnosis; yet, despite balsamics and sedatives, exposure, however little, in treacherous weather would cause hoarseness and a transitory cough. Indeed, these disagreeable symptoms often manifested themselves without any apparent cause, except, as I judged, the inordinate precautions taken to avert them. The rooms at Mount Aureo were always too hot; Miss Muriel was overclothed, could not stir out for a constitutional in the garden without a respirator, or take a drive unless hidden in an envelopment of costly furs. When I ventured to hint at this, the invariable reply of the Contangos was: "Ah! doctor, if we did not take this care of Muriel, how long would she be with us?—the dear child is *so* delicate." And nothing I could say would alter their opinion.

One day in the April succeeding, when Miss Muriel had been coddled up at home for four months instead of being sent to Brighton to continue her studies, Mrs. Contango was more than usually concerned about her daughter's condition. The stockbroker and his good lady had over night held an anxious discussion. I had made my now usual though quite unnecessary daily visit to Mount Aureo, and Mrs. Midas Contango was, in her patronizing and yet solicitous manner, bowing me out. I had almost reached the door, hat in hand, when Mrs. Contango said, with some effort: "Doctor, you know we have the utmost confidence in you; we carry out your instructions to the letter; but our dear child"—

"Yes, madam; only you will persist in treating her, if I may be pardoned the simile, too much after the manner of a tropical orchid, instead of regarding her as a beautiful plant of English growth."

"Well, you may be right, doctor; but we are so very anxious, Mr. Contango and myself—you see Muriel is our only child, our sole hope. Now would you mind our asking the opinion of a famous specialist as to the case?"

"Nothing would be better or more proper. Pray, whom would you like, and when may we arrange, contingent on his being able to come, to have him here?"

Mrs. Midas Contango mentioned the name of a very fashionable and expensive London physician with a consultative practice confined almost entirely to the houses of those who had been presented at court. He was certainly not the man I should have chosen, for the faculty rather smiled at his pretensions to pre-eminent skill, and his reputation was far more that of the drawing-room than professional. However, I, a humble if conscientious practitioner, could not afford, had I so desired, to decline to meet him, and I consented to facilitate arrangements for an interview at the great man's convenience.

The fashionable physician drew up in his imposing equipage at the door of Mount Aureo half an hour behind the time appointed, was introduced to his patient, making the while profuse apologies for having been unavoidably detained by a critical case—that of the Duke of Deerwood—to whose house in Mayfair he had been summoned by the Duchess' request to give his opinion as to the treatment adopted by the attendant medical gentleman.

"What!" said the society exquisite—for such the celebrity certainly was—"what!" exclaimed he, in grandiloquent tones, striking a theatrical attitude, "is it that fine young lady we are to consult about? That superb girl, in such perfect condition! Come, madam, confess that you are only making fun of us."

"Well," replied Mrs. Contango, impressed, as she was meant to be, by the importance of the pompous personage who was addressing her, "I admit appearances are in my daughter's favor, and I hope that you may be able to assure us that her condition is not serious; but she is always losing her voice—always coughing—and if we were not to take care"— A flood of tears drowned the rest of the sentence.

"But," airily remarked the famous doctor, "my dear madam, why distress yourself? All may be well. Let me hear from this gentleman, your family attendant, the symptoms as he has interpreted them."

I gave the history of the case in a few words.

"Well, well; there *seems* to be nothing serious; but we must examine the chest with the utmost exactness to decide that."

"Pardon me," interrupts mamma, "but will you allow me to remain in the room?"

"Of course, madam," responded the favorite of fortune. "You have a sacred right to stop here. Pray, sit down." And then he directed me to commence the examination. I percussed with minute carefulness every part of the thorax, and, as before, could really find nothing abnormal.

"There; you perceive that I have tested with exactness, and the resonance is everywhere perfect." I made the remark as a mere matter of form, for I had not failed to note that the very superior West End practitioner had not condescended to pay the slightest attention to my proceedings, but was talking in low tones to Mrs. Midas Contango all the ti

"Ah, well, now it is my turn," said he, and with the most delicately impressive care placed Miss Muriel again in position; not, as I had done, with the arms crossed on the chest, but stiffly extended. In place of telling her to count "thirteen to sixteen," he gave her a book and directed her to read a dozen lines, and then to sing the gamut, an octave and a half. The mother was watching all this in admiration and devouring every detail.

"Ah! humph!" said the oracle; "it seems there is something—but extremely difficult to differentiate. Let us hear what percussion yields." And his style was truly enchanting. Every tap with the fingers was given with a flourish and a graceful sweep worthy of the most expert professor of sleight-of-hand that ever entertained a Countess' guests. There was a moment of studied indecision, and then, with a covert smile, turning to me, he said: "There it is. Listen, my dear young friend," as he beat his digital drum now on this side, then on that. "Tick-tack, tick-tack. Hark! do you hear it? There is a very appreciable difference in resonance; when I say 'appreciable difference,' I do not say an enormous difference—no—but there it is!"

"For my own part, sir," I returned, "I can not, with all deference, detect the slightest difference."

"Oh, very likely; but there, nevertheless, it is. Now come, however; though—having ascertained the truth about the case—my time is short, let me convince you. I will turn my back to the patient, and you shall again percuss. I will tell which side you are tapping upon by the variation in the sound." He turned round, and I percussed as equally as possible the two sides of the thorax. "You are on the left side." He was quite right! In a moment, however, my surprise was changed to admiration of the fashionable physician's smart audacity. His professional—nay, I yet hope I may more truthfully write it unprofessional—trick was obvious enough, but performed with such perfect aplomb that I was duped even whilst taking part in it. He had turned his back to the patient, to Mrs. Midas Contango and myself, but he was looking into a large mirror above the console which faced him!

What could I do? I was mute. The tables had indeed been so completely turned upon me that I had nothing to say.

"Madam, I must not alarm you," observed the triumphant specialist to Mrs. Contango, who was in blissful ignorance of the deception; "these delicate gradations in tone can only be at once detected after immense practice, only by those who examine a stream of patients; but there is something on the left side of your daughter's chest—nothing serious—so little, indeed, that my young friend here has been unable to find it; but there it is. And now, the examination being complete, permit us to consult as to the treatment, and then I must go, or I shall incur the displeasure of a noble but somewhat impatient patient of mine."

When we were alone I again expressed my incredulity, delicately hinting at my observation of his ruse.

"Tut, tut! my dear young friend," said he, testily, "you have not yet grasped the situation. Now, here you have a girl who coughs and has been hoarse for a long time—then how the deuce can you get over the fact by telling the parents that there is no cause for it! Very likely there is nothing the matter with her; but why does she cough?"

"That was exactly what her mother said to me."

"There you are; and mamma was quite right; there must be some cause for it. We may not be able to lay our finger upon it, for we must examine and understand our patients thoroughly very often before we can make out their ailments, and then one finds the mischief, because, you see, we are expected to discover it."

"But suppose there really is nothing."

"Nonsense! There always is. But even if there were not, we are equally bound to find it; for if you tell these anxious people, 'I can discover nothing wrong,' they will naturally put it down to your ignorance, and send for somebody else who has knowledge enough of human nature or sufficient *savoir faire* not to be embarrassed with so small a difficulty. Now, do you see my meaning?"

"Theoretically there is nothing, practically there is."

"You may put it so, if so it please you. But I assured you that there is—and there is—your vigilance and punctilious exactitude notwithstanding—a little convenient difference in resonance. The mamma heard the remark, as I intended her to do; she had not the remotest idea what it meant—why should she have?—but she is perfectly happy now that the cause of her darling's cough has been discovered, because she thinks, the cause being known, the cure will follow. The more unintelligible the explanation, the more convinced is she of its correctness. One may remedy, you know, a difference in resonan but how can you pretend to cure a person whom you persistently declare to have nothing the matter with her?"

I began to understand.

"Now," continued this consummate reader of society's intelligence, "I admit that this is not science—"

"Nor what the schools and our academical training teach us," hazarded I.

"Quite so, my dear fellow; but accept for once the tuition of a man who has not altogether failed in his profession. What I have taken the trouble to demonstrate to you gratis is a good working rule—smelling a little, perhaps, so to speak, of the shop or of legal tape—but if our patrons are satisfied, our patients made happy, our reputations advanced, can we wisely permit so trivial a matter as departure from slavish adherence to what is miscalled principle to stand between us and success?"

"Well," admitted I, a little sadly, "perhaps you are right."

"Of course I am, my dear young friend. I am a cynic, but I succeed. I have been, for instance, beseeched to meet you here to-day. And now for treatment."

A little delicate counter-irritation was suggested and agreed on; then the fashionable physician stepped into his elegant turn-out before the door of Mount Aureo, amid the profuse thanks of Mrs. Midas Contango, a hundred guineas richer for his half-hour's visit. As he shook hands with me, on throwing himself back among the cushions of his brougham, the famous expert smilingly whispered: "You are too modest, my ingenuous young friend; you have already the science of medicine at your finger-ends; why not acquire the art also? Adieu!"

One rarely takes part in a consultation without learning something; but I never obtained such valuable practical knowledge from any meeting with a brother professional as I did in that inglorious scene in the drawing-room of Mount Aureo, in which I was so sadly let down, for a time at least, in the estimation of Mrs. Midas and Miss Muriel Contango.

Miss Muriel subsequently recovered her temporarily defective resonance sufficiently to gladden the hearts of her parents by making a marriage—at their cost—into a noble house. I still have the pleasure of ranking her among my patients, but for no organic or other serious ailment; and I have it on excellent authority that her husband, Viscount Barrenlands, would be extremely glad at times, when he has been inordinately extravagant with his unearned increment, if Lady Muriel's vigor of voice and physique were both a little less robust.—Chambers' Journal.

No Musical Sense in Horses.

An interesting report regarding the development of the musical sense in horses has just been made by a committee of German zoologists and botanists. The report says: "The investigations as to the musical sense of horses have shown that that sense is very poorly developed in these animals. It has been proved beyond doubt that horses have no notion whatever of keeping time to music and that at circuses they do not dance according to the tune, but that the musicians have to keep time according to the steps of the animals. Other investigations show that horses do not understand military trumpet signals. It is only the rider or the animal's instinct of imitation which induces horses to make the moves required by the signal, but no horse without a rider, however carefully trained, takes the slightest notice of a trumpet signal and the same observation has been made on a large number of cavalry horses without riders."—Science.

—The snakes a man sees when he is wrestling with a severe attack of delirium tremens are not "water" snakes. This is reliable.—Norristown Herald.

WOMAN'S WORK.

With many a turn my steps I take.
In many a crook and crevice;
And many a biscuit must I bake
For Maud and me and Levia.
I sweep, I dust, I cook, I rise
Up in the morning early;
I wash the breakfast dishes, and
I churn, then dress the baby.
I make the dust and dry leaves fly
Against my new broom fairly;
I chatter, chatter as I go,
Because I rest so rarely:
"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever, ever,
I go on forever.

I move about and in and out,
While here the chickens feeding,
And here and there at hawk to shout,
But little they are heeding.
I walk, I run, I skip, I hop
From one thing to another;
I stop to dress a bruise or cut,
For the children run to mother.
Then to the garden I must go
To see what work is needed,
For plants must be set out, you know,
And then they must be weeded.
For men can't stop, for they must go,
But we work on forever, ever,
We work on forever.

I clear the tray and "put to rights"
The dining-room and kitchen;
I then go in my room to sew,
And try and do some stitching.
I wonder if there is on earth
No respite from our labors,
No time to go and gossip some
With pleasant, friendly neighbors?
Before I end th a piece of work
And try to think a little,
I throw it down and run and make
A fire and place the kettle.
For men must eat and go, you know,
But women can go never.
Yes, men will come and men will go,
But we work on forever, ever,
We work on forever.
—Mrs. T. O. Holt, in The Freeman.

MISS NAOMI NUTTING.

She Makes a Success of Minding Her Own Business.

"Me and Squire Bagshot, we're goin' into partnership together," said Miss Naomi Nutting.

"Eh? What?" cried the Widow Scarsby, hastily adjusting her ear-trumpet. "You a-thinkin' o' gettin' married at this time o' day?"

Miss Naomi gave a sniff of exceeding great derision.

"Who's talkin' o' gettin' married?" said she. "Not I. Nor, I guess, the squire. We're outen our first childhood, and we ain't got to our second, I calculate. Not yet."

The Widow Scarsby looked disappointed.

"Then," said she, "what do you mean?"

"Why," explained Miss Naomi, "the squire he's leased the old farm. I'd got to let it to somebody. What between the taxes and the interest and the repairs and all, it was too much for a woman to look after. But the cows and the poultry and all is to remain, and I'm to run the dairy and the egg business. Ten per cent. commission I'm to have, and the use of the old house. And I've sot out a lot of new strawberry roots, and some of the offshoots of Hester Brino's sweet-smellin' English violets, and I'm goin' to earn my own livin', if I be a woman."

"Vi-lets!" repeated Mrs. Scarsby, "and strawberries! John hain't no faith in that sort of thing."

"It don't matter to me whether he has or not," curtly observed Miss Nutting.

"A woman never yet made farmin' pay."

"Anyhow," said Miss Nutting, "I mean to have a try at it. My expenses won't be much, that's one comfort."

"Better give up the notion," said Mrs. Scarsby, slowly shaking her head.

"Not if I know it," said Naomi. "I'm pretty certain I can make good butter, and I always took natural to hens and chickens. And I know I can market them strawberries at the summer hotels on Cherry brook, and English violets bring fifty cents a dozen at the New York florists in January and February."

"You're runnin' a great risk!" sighed Mrs. Scarsby, in genuine Job's-comforter accents.

"There's always the poor-house left if I don't succeed," sarcastically remarked Naomi.

And Mrs. Scarsby went away to tell her news throughout the whole neighborhood.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Dr. Plumb, "the woman has pluck! But of course she won't succeed; women never do."

"I never was so flat in all my life," said Mrs. Scarsby, "as when I heard Naomi say she was goin' into partnership with Squire Bagshot. I s'posed, of course, she was goin' to marry him."

"Well, I don't know why she shouldn't," said Mrs. Plumb. "The squire ain't young, but he's a likely man enough."

"He marry Naomi Nutting!" said Mrs. Scarsby. "A poverty-stricken old maid, with one foot in the poor-house!"

"Fools used to say your John was partial to her," shrewdly observed Mrs. Plumb.

"That's all a mistake," said Mrs. Scarsby.

And she took herself and her ear-trumpet off to the next house, while Ellie Price, Mrs. Plumb's bound girl, who had been listening through the dumb-waiter, breathlessly scampered to the grocery for the ounce of powdered cinnamon, which she had been told half an hour ago to bring, and there informed Mrs. Peppersauce as a profound secret that Miss Naomi Nutting and Squire Bagshot were about to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Peppersauce.

"I heard it with my own ears!" said Ellie, glowing all over with the importance of her news.

"An old maid like that!" said Mrs. Peppersauce, scornfully.

"She ain't thirty yet," said Ellie. "I heard missis tell Mrs. Scarsby so."

Ill news, they say, spreads fast; so does good news. Which of these heads Squire Bagshot's engagement came under is hard to specify, but certain it is that the morsel of gossip spread like wildfire through Cherry village.

"Me engaged to Naomi Nutting," said the squire. "Well, it's the first I've heerd of it."

"Naomi Nutting going to marry that old widower!" said John Scarsby. "What nonsense! You told me yourself, mother, that she denied it up and down."

"Yes," said Mrs. Scarsby, a little doubtfully, "but that's what they always do. It would be a great thing for Naomi Nutting."

"I'll never believe it," said John.

The old love affair between him and Naomi Nutting was dead and gone long ago, but something in the prevalent atmosphere seemed to fan the faint spark of its ashes into new life. John Scarsby remembered how black and bright her eyes once were, and what a trim little figure she had. While the squire, meditating on the perfect, dazzling cleanliness of Naomi's dairy, and the efficiency with which she had set out the violet roots and the strawberry creepers, said to himself:

"I don't know but that I might do worse. To be sure, she's a poor, solitary, friendless creetur, without any property, except that old mortgage-ridden farm. But I can't get no hired girl short of eleven dollars a month, and it is sort o' lonesome settin' on the stoop of evenin's all alone. She's been brought up economical, too, and won't want to spend any more money than she can help. That's a great thing."

And the squire brushed his lank hair more carefully than ever over the glossy dome of his bald cranium, and considered seriously the propriety of dying his grizzy beard.

"Mother," said John Scarsby, that day, "it isn't right for you to do all the housework by yourself. It's too much for you."

"La, John, I do hope you ain't thinkin' of hirin' a help!" exclaimed Mrs. Scarsby, in dismay. "Of all the shiftless, idle, wasteful things"—

"We've got to do something, mother," said John. "I can't let you work yourself out."

It was all true. John Scarsby had said the same thing time and again to his mother; but he said it now with genuine earnestness, looking at her as he did so, and secretly wondering how he should break to her the tidings of an impending daughter-in-law. And Naomi Nutting, of all persons, the woman whom Mrs. Scarsby always designated as "that poor forlorn maid."

John was a brave man, but there are more kinds of courage than one.

Mrs. Scarsby cried over the butter-beans she was cutting up for dinner.

"I won't have a help in the house," thought she. "If John really wants a woman around, why can't he get married? And I don't know no smarter girl than Naomi Nutting. I've a great mind to go over and see if she can't break that 'ere contract with Squire Bagshot. I wish I dared to speak right out to John about it. He used to like Naomi, but men are queer."

Naomi had just come in from weeding her late-onion patch the next evening, when the squire arrived, all in his best.

"Good evening, squire," said Miss Nutting. "Sit down till I light the lamp."

"Don't light it," said the squire, sheepishly. "I'm partial to the twilight."

"I ain't," said Naomi. "I mostly like to see what I'm doing. You've come about business, I suppose?"

"Ahem—yes," admitted the squire. Although he had told himself all day long that Naomi Nutting would certainly jump at his offer, he could not subdue a certain nervousness at the last moment. "Very important business!"

Rat-tat-tat-t-t-t! came a knock on the panels of the lilac-shaped front door.

John Scarsby, arriving close on the heels of the squire, had perceived the necessity for immediate action.

He was flushed, and breathed hard with rapid walking, but he had screwed his courage up.

"Naomi," said he, "can I speak to you for one minute?"

Naomi, holding the lamp in one hand, stared hard at him.

"I'm engaged just now," said she.

"Engaged?"

"Squire Bagshot is here."

"I won't keep you long," said John. "I only want one word."

"Any thing happened?" questioned Naomi.

"No, but—" John drew a quick breath of vexation and embarrassment. "Will you hear me out, Naomi?"

The squire, in the front room, cleared his throat loudly as Naomi conducted John into the back kitchen.

"Now, then," said she. "What is it?"

Did ever lover woo maiden before under such discouraging circumstances as these?

John fixed his eyes on the copper boiler, and blurted out his tender confession at once.

It was an awkward proceeding, but it was inevitable.

"Naomi," said he, "I want a wife. Will you have me?"

"No, thankee, John," said Miss Nutting.

John stared at her, and uttered a gasp.

"What did you say?" stammered he.

"I said no!"

"I'm too late, am I?" he uttered, despairingly.

"Well, yes, you are."

"Hadn't you better think it over?"

"Well, it wouldn't be no use."

John went away completely dumfounded, and Naomi went back to the squire.

"What business could that young man possible have with you, Naomi?" asked the squire, a little fretfully.

"It was private," said Naomi, composedly.

"Naomi," said Mr. Bagshot, plunging headlong into the subject, "I'm thinking of getting married."

"Are you?" said Naomi, somewhat amazed.

"I'm tired of livin' solitary and alone, and I don't know of nobody I like better than you," added Squire Bagshot.

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Naomi.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" said the squire, his hard features galvanized into unwonted tenderness.

"I dunno whether I could or not," said Naomi. "but I don't mean to try."

"Eh?" jerked out the squire.

"I'm engaged already," explained Naomi.

"To that—shiftless young Scarsby?"

"He ain't particularly shiftless as I know of," observed Naomi. "But it ain't to him, as it happens."

"If you're really engaged," said the squire, of whose character delicacy was by no means a prominent trait, "what on earth are you running the dairy business for?"

"To earn money, to be sure," said Naomi. "I'm to marry a rich man, and I don't choose to go to him empty-handed, or without a decent wardrobe, such as other women have."

"Who is it?" still further demanded the squire.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, since you ask me up and down," said Naomi. "Him that owns the new Mountain iron works, Joseph Alden."

The squire made a little gurgling sound, as if he were ineffectually trying to swallow something. Joseph Alden, the handsome, middle-aged Englishman, the best match in Cherry County, engaged to Naomi Nutting, whom he—Squire Bagshot—had mentally characterized as "a poor, solitary, friendless creetur!"

"Well," said he, heavily rising, "I s'pose I'd better go."

"I don't know as you'll gain any thing by staying," Naomi coolly remarked.

The squire was driven to hire a stout Vermont woman at eleven dollars a month. Mrs. Scarsby still continued to do her own housework, in spite of the remonstrances of her son John. Naomi Nutting does as she did before—minds her own business. And the violet and strawberry business has proved a success, and the wedding-day is fixed.—Saturday Night.

THE LITTLE SISTER.

Young Persons Who Are a Great Trial to Marriageable Young Ladies.

Little sisters are a great trial to the young lady with her first beau.

They have such a deadly habit of telling just the secrets that their big sister wouldn't have known for the world, and telling them at just the worst time they could possibly select. And, what is more, they seem to take a malicious pleasure in telling them.

If Mary Jane has kept her hair rolled up for two days, to be well-frizzed when Augustus calls, her little sister will note the proceeding, and just as Mary Jane has assured her admiring swain that her hair curls naturally, and that it is almost impossible to make it stay anywhere, up will pop the small sister, and tell the whole story of the curl-papers, and in all probability she will add the information that Mary Jane puts red ink on her cheeks to make her "pritty."

Little sisters are always cropping out at the wrong time. They never want to go to bed the nights when the big sister's beau is expected, and no amount of coaxing and candy can convince them that they are sleepy.

They have eyes for every thing and ears that would detect the slightest whisper, and next day, at the dinner-table, the big sister will be mortified to death and the whole family will be thrown into convulsions by the piping announcement from the small sister:

"Gus Jones bit our Mary Jane last night, right into the mouth! I seen him! And she bit him back!"

Little sisters always want to know all the whys and the wherefores. One of them is likely to climb on the knee of an aspiring young gentleman suitor and ask him why he doesn't have more hairs in his mustache; she would like to ask him if he doesn't feel bad because his nose is long, and it would delight her dear little heart to impart to him the fact that Mary Brown and Sister Jane both said he was too long-legged for any thing but a greyhound.

Small sisters will tell the family secrets with most delightful candor, and while the young gentleman caller is waiting for the young lady of the family to give the final touches to her toilet before coming down the small sister will confidentially make him acquainted with the fact that "papa swears at mamma right along," and that "we have old hen for dinner and call it chicken pie," and that "Sister Jane wants to get married awfully to some rich young fool who will keep her without work."

Little sisters will put molasses candy in the chair and see you sit down on it without a word of warning; they will wipe their bread and butter hands on your pantaloons; they will cradle their kittens in your six-dollar hat; they will

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - OCT. 4, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
EDMUND A. BIGLER, of Clearfield.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR PROTHONOTARY :
JAMES C. DARBY, of Conemaugh Borough.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.
CELESTINE J. BLAIR, of Ebensburg.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY :
FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR of Johnstown.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR :
RAPHAEL HITE, of Carroll Twp.

FOR CORONER :
PETER McGOUGH, of Portage Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR :
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

JUDGE ACHESON, at Pittsburg, Wednesday, refused to naturalize a Chinaman, who was anxious to become a citizen, that he might be appointed a detective. The law of 1888 forbids the naturalization of Mongolitans.

THE amount of water that fell in Pennsylvania during the summer of 1889 was something prodigious. The statisticians of the weather service have calculated that if gathered in one place this rainfall would form a lake 1,000 miles square and about 35 feet deep.

THE elections held in the new States of Washington and Dakota's, went Republican by small majorities on Tuesday last as was expected. In Montana, where Democrats before the election were supposed to have a fighting chance, the Democratic ticket was elected by a good safe majority. If Prince Russell had remained West, the majority would have been very heavy.

SUPT. GRIEB has submitted his report to Governor Beaver, on retiring from office, showing the cost of printing the various public documents to be $256 037 24 cost of paper and supplies used $70,621,84 making a total of $332,658 38 for the year. The bird book costs 9,985 and printing for the Constitutional amendments $7,718. The whole extraordinary printing cost $150,188.

TUEY GWOK YING, the new Chinese Minister to this country, is a good looking man, about fifty years of age. He dresses in the finest silk raiment and spends a great deal of money. He is a constant smoker, and when he is not puffing a cigarette is rolling one. His present visit to Washington will not be a long one, as he is accredited to Spain and Peru and will soon set out for Madrid.

GOING to Europe is very nice indeed for those who can afford to make the trip, but it costs a great deal of money. Present estimates are that 80,000 Americans have crossed the ocean this season, and that the mere matter of passage money going over and coming home will amount to the tidy sum of $14,000,000. It is fair to assume that each passenger will spend abroad not less than $500, or a total for the 80,000 of $40,000,000—making in all probably $60,000,000 of American money that has been spent in Europe or on the way to and from thigher this season.

EX SECRETARY BAYARD tells a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* that he wants no office, and declares that Democracy must hold its faith pledged last year. Says he :

"The tariff question is a grave and profound one, and should be fully discussed. The Democracy, I think, will again advocate tariff reform. Of course it will take time to settle this issue. I think taxation for protection is communism. The manner and time used by the Republican National Committee in raising enormous sums of money during the last campaign to influence the election was only an additional proof of the necessity of the reform. I think free wool will be the first step toward reform."

THE Constitution of Pennsylvania, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, intends that the voter shall be permitted to cast a thoroughly secret ballot. Under existing laws it is impossible for any voter to conceal from the election officers the names upon his ticket and the election officers are generally not slow to communicate this knowledge to interested outsiders.

The secret ballot is one of the principal muniments of free suffrage. Especially is this the fact so far as the wage-worker, is concerned. It is a notorious fact that the mine boss, the furnace superintendent, the factory lord, to say nothing of other employers, make a practice of controlling the voters in their employ and frequently visit their displeasure upon them by dismissing them from their service if they dare to exercise an independent judgment in casting their ballots. The Australian system of voting, which insures a perfectly secret ballot, therefore commends itself to all friends of free suffrage.

The Democratic State platform, on which Hon. Edmund A. Bigler stands as a candidate for State Treasurer, endorses the Australian system of voting. Mr Powderly, the chief of the Knights of Labor, favors the Australian ballot. Every wage-worker, whatever his politics, naturally favors that system. Next year a legislature to be chosen and if the workingmen of Pennsylvania would impress the political parties of the State that they desire the adoption of the Australian ballot system they should cast their votes for Mr. Bigler on the ground that he is the only State candidate before the people who is pledged to that system of voting.

THE position of the Treasury ring, says the Pittsbupg *Post*, and its selected candidate for State Treasurer in this campaign, should be a pretty severe dose for "the better class" Republicans were they not accustomed to medicine of this sort. Quay has them so well under his heel that we do not hear a whimper or complaint in the face of nullification of an important law, in the "business interest," to advance the political and financial interests of the ring.

This is the Humes law, passed during the Pattison administration, requiring that the large treasury balances over and above a certain sum, ample for the current wants of the State, should be invested in State or United States bonds, and returns therefrom paid into the treasury.

Under Governor Pattison one million of dollars was invested in this way, and returned a profit to the State of $40,000 a year. When Beaver and a full Republican administration came into power, on a very shallow pretense these bonds were sold, and the amount realized returned to the treasury in cash, to be deposited in the favored banks of the treasury ring, to be by them loaned at a profit. This was the very thing the Humes law was designed to break up.

By this nullification of the law the interest on the ballance derived from their perfectly safe investment in government bonds was lost to the taxpayers, but the treasury ring handled the money for its benefit.

In the last Legislature, when an attempt was made to investigate this lawless and corrupt proceeding—specific charges have been made—the investigation was defeated mainly by the efforts of Speaker Boyer. For this service Boyer has been rewarded with the nomination for State Treasurer, and if elected will be the faithful ally of the treasury ring.

It is computed if the Humes law had been carried out, as Governor Pattison compelled the Republican State officers to carry it out, the State would now be in receipt from the earnings of its treasury balance of $60,000 a year. Instead of this, is is probably realizing the treasury ring a much larger sum, as the ring takes risks in the use of State money that command a larger rate of interest than the returns from absolutely safe investments in Government bonds.

On the 30th day of July last there were in the treasury of the Commonwealth $4,136,000. This is the unexpended balance, the greater part of which should be invested in government bonds as the Humes law directs.

The law is nullified in the interest of the treasury ring, and Mr. Boyer is nominated for State treasurer to continue a lawless and corrupting policy.

If the the people elect Mr. Bigler State treasurer they will see a speedy reform. He is pledged to that, and his conceptions of public duty, as well as the dictates of political expendiency, will command a change from a lawless and corrupting policy to one in accordance with the will of the people, as declared in their legislation.

This is about all the issue there is in the election of State treasurer. It is a pretty big one, notwithstanding there is very little noise made about it.

A FRIGHTFUL accident happened at Carnegie's Edgar Thompson Steel Works at Braddock, on Thursday night of last week, by which Capt. William R. Jones, general manager of the immense steel works, and Michael Quinn, a workman were fatally burned and several workmen badly injured.

Furnace "C," one of the largest of the blast furnaces, gave way at the bottom and tons of molten metal, like water escaping from a reservoir, ran out. The furnace had not been working properly during the day, and Capt. Jones called to see if he could not ascertain the cause. He was working with a nnmber of men near the base of the furnace when the break occurred. In an instant flames of fire shot forth, and the hot metal exploded and fell like sheets of water. Tons of the metal poured out of the furnace, and that any person near the furnace escaped instant death is regarded as almost an accident. The list of the injured is : Captain Jones, general manager, horibly burned and taken to the hospital at Pittsburg, where he died on Saturday ; Michael Quinn, aged 25, so badly burned that his flesh peeled off with his clothes ; he lived a few hours. John Mokake, badly burned about the body, but not fatally ; Captain Ned Quinn, burned about arms and chest, will recover. Patrick Hughes, Michael Connor and John Needen were badly burned. Michael King, a Hungarian, was present when the seething mass poured out of the furnace, and as he cannot be found, it is feared he has been covered up.

Captain Jones is well-known throughout the United States and Europe wherever iron and steel are manufactured. He was assistant engineer for the Cambria Iron Company at Johnstown, for a number of years and resigned that position to accept that of master mechanic at Braddock, when the Edgar Thompson Steel Works started. He was soon after made General Superintendent, receiving a salary of $25,000 a year and a percentage of the product of the large mill, which with royalties on patents obtained by him, made his income about $50,000 a year. He took 300 men to Johnstown at his own expense two days after the flood and remained there for two weeks directing the work of rescue. About two weeks ago he spent several hours in Ebensburg, where he was well known and had many friends among the old members of Company C. 133 Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in which regiment Captain Jones served as a corporal during the late war.

P. T. BARNUM, the circus proprietor, was sued yesterday by Mrs. Jane Clark for $5,000 damages. It is stated that on October 31, 1887, when Barnum's circus was exhibiting in Allegheny, one of the elephants frightened a horse belonging to Mr. Edward Groetzinger, and it dashed upon the sidewalk, knocking down Mrs. Clark and tramped upon her. She was badly cut and bruised, and permanently injured.

English Views of the United States.

We are convinced that American opinion and American strength, a strength irresistible by any European State if it were once fully exerted, constitute two of the many dangers which would result from the concession of home rule That measure would almost infallibly result in a declaration of independence. Some of the Irish leaders may be quite sincere in declaring, as they do when speaking on this side of the water, that they have no such scheme in their heads ; but their best motive is their desire to be a nation with a separate career and without independence they are not such a nation. The highest, and therefore in the long run the most operative aspirations of their people, would not be gratified by liberty as a parish. England would always be accused of intriguing, always hated for her wealth, always suspected of meditating invasion ; the causes of friction would be endless, and some of them justly resented by the weaker side, and in some impulsive hour the final declaration would be made.

The vote once passed in Dublin, the independence of Ireland would be recognized by the American Union in a week. A hundred motives would induce the politicians of Washington to recommend that course, and the people, after a moment of hesitation, would accept the advice. They have never quite forgiven England for recognizing the belligerent rights of the South. They have never forgotten that their own freedom was in part owing to French assistance, and that their success has, nevertheless, never in all the subsequent time embarrassed France, except, indeed, by making her for a mouent think Lafayette a great man. All the desire to give Great Britain a lesson, which deflects American politics before every Presidential election, all the aspiration to stretch the States over the provinces of the Dominion to the pole, all the anxieties of both parties to rivet the Irish vote, and all the floating impression of Irish suffering, would tend together to induce the Union to protect Ireland.

That would mean war with a State stronger than ourselves, with 2,000,000 of allies, ready to die for her, living in our own streets, and with an indefensible territory, which yet must be defended, stretching along her side. Even under those circumstances, England might survive or emerge victorious ; but to say that they would not be serious circumstances, or that Ireland, in the event of rebellion, could be subdued with ease, is utter folly. No State, however powerful, will ever again do with ease anything to which the American Republic is strongly opposed. There is not a diplomatist in Europe who does not know this, or who does not hold that Napoleon III. was only sane in quitting Mexico, and that Prince Bismarck showed his wisdom when, rather than quarrel seriously with Washington, he abandoned all pretensions in Samoa.—*London Spectator.*

A Failure After a Quarter Century.

The American manufacturer suffers now for a market. He has the price he asks for as far as the government can interfere to aid him to obtain it. He has the legislation he has sought. Yet he finds himself with heavy surplus stocks and smaller profits than ever. He cuts wages down and he tells his workmen he cannot avoid it—it is the best thing he can do. Perhaps it is, under the policy he has chosen. But suppose he had adopted another policy. Suppose, in accordance with the spirit of the age and the enlightment of an intelligent eye to business, he had said : "I will not confine my efforts to my own country for a market. I will trade with the world. I will rely upon my advantage in possessing the richest nation, inhabited by the most intelligent and capable people. I will not shut myself up, as did my Chinese prototype of old, in it, but will take the chances of these advantages which God and nature have given me, and will follow the course that reason and enlightened civilization point out in preference to that which both have exploded. I will sell to those who want to buy the world over and buy of them, if necessary, as well." Is it to be supposed that under these conditions the American manufacturer would be helpless to-day in the presence of an accumulating surplus of goods and the heaviest tariff of the age an acknowledged failure for his belief after a quarter of a century of trial—*Boston Herald.*

Old Hundred's Tricks.

For several years past an illicit place for the sale of whiskey and tobacco has been run in a building built directly on the line between West Virginia and Pennsylvania, near the banks of Cheat river. The place was presided over by a grizzled ex Confederate, universally known in the neighborhood as "Old Hundred," and he has done a flourishing business, despite the vigilence of local and goverment officials. He had two or three sets of brass checks—one shape good for cigars, another for tobacco, and a third for whiskey—and these he gave as part of the change for small purchases of miscellaneous articles. One part of the transaction was always done in one State and the matter completed in the other, and "Old Hundred" was accumulating wealth at a lively rate, enjoying a large patronage. But he has come to grief at last. Sheriff Jones captured him in a fradulent transaction, made wholly on West Virginia soil, and landed him in jail. He will be turned over to the federal authorities.

Three Distinguished Dudes.

The dudish young emperor of Germany, who is never happy in full uniform, has become deeply impressed with William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, the young man with a bang who was presented to him on Thursday as the American ambassador. The two dudes talked broken English and German together and admired each other until Phelps missed the train and had to take a pick-me-up dinner and beer with young Bismarck. Happy is the country which has three such representatives abroad as Phelps at Berlin, young Grant at Vienna and the young man of the tall tower at Paris ; and blessed be the unknown benefactor who put it into the mind of Benjamin Harrison to send them out of the country for their country's good.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to use use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., September 30. Richard Robillard, engineer at the Pillisbury A mill, has invented a machine which he claims is a solution of the problem of perpetual motion. It requires no fuel, and a little oil is all that is required to keep it in motion. Robillard says that his machine has been running seven weeks. He has already taken steps to have his machine patented.

Ablest of Asia's Soldiers.

Nearly 40 years ago, in South Huntington township, Westmoreland county, lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude an uneducated, and had wandered there from the neighborhood of Masontown, Fayette county. With no known relatives, he was kicked from one family to another till manhood, enlisting then in the war. At its close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian Territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for the East Indias. At the bay of Madras, on the Western shores of the bay of Bengal, he deserted, and enlisted in a British regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the Governor General himself.

He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi, westward across the Indus river, through Afghanistan add Persia, to Turkey and back. In time, from trading, he became immensely wealthy, and was the owner of five caravans, containing 13,000 horses and camels and 50 elephants. In 1873 he visited Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper, the great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the Ameer, and he was invited to an audience, an honor never before received by a christian. A present of 100 of his best horses and a three tusked elephant made the Ameer his eternal friend. When yearly it was followed by similar presents, besides camels and merchandise, John Hinton gained the monopoly of trade from the summit of the Hinboo Kosh Mountains to the confines of the Bellookistan, and in real power is second only to the Ameer himself.

About 1880 he was made Military Commander of the District of Herat, and 1876 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his sovereign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America and among the superstitious natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and the resources, together with his years of service as the idolized commander of the Mohammedan tribes, to tens of thousands half civilized men, he is to-day the ablest soldier in Asia.—*Somerset County Democrat.*

The Democratic Idea.

The difference between the Democratic and Republican parties on the question of taxation is not a difference between 47 and 40 per cent., which is a mere matter of detail, nor a question between a prohibitory tariff on one side and free trade on the other, which is a mere academic discussion, of no interest to practical men. But it is a difference that lies at the very root of all government, a question upon which it depends whether our Government shall be of the people, for the people, and by the people, or a Government of all the people by a very few of the people for an extremely limited class of the people. The Republican party says that taxes are blessings, and the more the people of a nation are taxed individually, the more prosperous the nation is as a whole. The Democratic party declares that taxes are burdens, and the less we have of them the better, and that the idea of enriching the whole community by taking property in minute quantities from a great many people and giving it in large quantities to a few people is simple rubbish. Sixty million dollars in one one man's pocket is a very imposing evidence of his prosperity, but the nation would be better off if each one of 60,000,000 people had a dollar in his pocket, although it is true that the $60,000,000 would not make much show when divided up. Undoubtedly it makes money circulate to take it out of one pocket and put it into the other, but that does'nt make the whole amount any greater. And so it makes it circulate to take it from one man and give it to another, but the process does not bless the man it is taken from.—*National Democrat.*

The Grant Gang.

George M. Robeson, who used to make Congressman and Senators and held the high office of Secretary of the Navy, is seeking a $1500 position at Trenton, N. J. This is one of the few retributions that has overtaken the old Grant gang.

Belknap, his Secretary of War, forced to resign under the odium of gross malfeasance in office, is rich and prosperous.

Orville E. Babcock, his private secretary, who was accused of complicity in Boss Sheppard's transactions, was drowned off the Florida coast a few years back.

Columbus Delano, also one of the gang, is now President of the Ohio Wool Growers' Association, a rich man and an ardent believer in taxing the patient people that he may draw profits from growing wool against the laws of climate and sense.

Robeson, under whose administration of the navy millons upon millions were spent for which the government received absolutely nothing, who was the responsible head of that department when a Wilmington firm received a job for building a monitor around a piece of old keel as long as a man's arm, under the name of "repairs," has settled to his real level and into the degree of obscurity from which Grant's favor lifted him. And so it goes. Fate does sometimes catch up with the gang.—*Phila. Herald.*

Where Investigation Leads.

There is another outbreak in the northwest. A Republican paper, the *Northwestern Farmer and Breeder*, boldy declares that protection does not truly represent the western idea among western Republicans," and that "the farmers of Dakota and Minnesota, and in fact the farmers and stockmen of the entire northwest who gave to the States and Territories their Republican majorities, are low-tariff men, if we except one class—the wool-growers." The *Farmer and Breeder* announces to its readers that it will "begin next month, and follow up in succeeding issues, a discussion of this subject, and will try to make it so plain that the youngest reader will fully understand what tariff is, what it means, how it is collected, who is benefited, and who is supposed to derive a benefit." And it speaks the following significant preliminary words : "We have always noticed that, once a man is led to investigate, he discovers that it is really a personal matter if affects his success ; it enters into the house and touches almost every article in daily use ; it goes out upon his farm and levies a heavy tax on all his farm machinery, tools, and utensils ; a tax that brings him no return in any shape. It is then that he awakens to an interest that does not stop until it leads him to an intelligent opinion."

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto, as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Justice Field has presented Nagle, whom he considers saved his life by shooting Judge Terry, with a magnificent gold watch and chain appropriately engraved.

—Count Berthier, a grandson of Bonaparte's marshal, recently lost a roll of bank notes containing $100,000 on a railroad train. He offers $4,000 reward for its return.

—Thirteen thousand gallons of water per minute are being flung down the shaft of the Delaware and Hudson canal company's blazing colliery at Olyphant, which has been on fire for some days.

—A number of shipwrecked sailors on the Pacific were 22 days in an open boat. Driven to desperation by hunger and thirst they were about to draw lots as to who should die when land was discovered.

—A dog which was swimming in the bay near the Brunswick and Western dock at Brunswick, Ga., Wednesday suddenly gave a yelp and disappeared. Spectators supposed that a shark had made a meal of him.

—Eleven prisoners convicted of larceny at New Castle, Del., were publicly whipped in the jail yard at that place last Saturday Only about thirty people witnessed the flogging, which was very light, the culprits leaving the the post in smiles.

—Gertrude Newell, a ten year old girl at Bear Lake, about fifteen miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa., was fatally injured by playing with a dynamite cartridge on Sunday. She struck it with her foot and it exploded, tearing away part of her left arm and terribly cutting her on the body.

—John Jones, a 16 year-old lad, was arrested at Homestead, Pa., on Monday afternoon for the murder of Anthony Now, an iron worker of that place. Last Thursday, Now was teasing Jones, when the latter struck him on the head with a monkey wrench, inflicting the wound which resulted in his death.

—Indians from all the Northeast are congregating on Red River Reservation, at Odonah, Wis., to attend the annual medicine dance, which is held in different places every year. There are over 500 redskins on the Odonah Reservation at present, and more are constantly arriving. The powwow will continue several days.

—A barn belonging to Mrs. Willetts, situated near Cumberland, Pa., was destroyed together with its contents on Monday. There was in the barn an unknown tramp, six head of horses, 10 head of cattle, farming implements, crops, etc., which were all burned. It is supposed that the tramp had matches in his possession and set the barn on fire and could not escape. The loss is $6,000 ; insured.

—A dispatch from Chicago says that two English syndicates have expended fifty million dollars in this country for the control of industrial enterprises. No business was acquired which has not paid at least twelve and one-half per cent. a year for the past five years. Grain elevators, flouring mills and breweries have been the favorite investments. Further purchases are now being considered.

—The village of Cambria, near San Luis Obispo, Cal., was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday. As there was little water at hand, and almost no fire service, building after building was consumed, before their contents could be removed. No lives were lost. The postoffice, telegraph and express offices were totally destroyed. The total loss is about $125,000 ; insurance about $22,000. The cause of the fire is unknown.

—The report that an outbreak of pleuropneumonia has occurred among cattle in the counties of Chester, Montgomery and Berks, in Pennsylvania, is pronounced to be without foundation by the officers of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Agricultural department. The only basis for the report is the fact that the State authorities of Pennsylvania notified the bureau that they had found two cases of contagious pleuro pneumonia in a herd of Chester county.

—A fatal accident occurred near Wilmington, Del., about half-past 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. A passenger train dashed into a coal train on a single track on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in the suburbs of that city, resulting in the instant death of Fireman Edward Lyle, of the passenger train. Engineer Stanton, of the same train, saved himself by jumping. Engineer Gaute, of the coal train, was slightly hurt. None of the passengers were seriously injured, al though they were badly shaken up.

—One day last week ten miners—the full number allowed by law—were on the cage on the bottom of Leisenring shaft No. 3 Fayette county, Pa., ready to come out of the mine. Just as the cage started upward another man came running through the passageway and jumped on the moving cage. His momentum jostled the others, and he and another man were caught between the cage and the cribbing of the staft and both men were literally torn to pieces. They were Hungarians and their names are unknown.

—John Friese, a car conductor of Baltimore, Md., shot and fatally wounded Miss Georgia V. Stone, who worked at the Mount Vernon cotton mills in that city. He was her discarded lover. Some time ago Friese came to her house drunk. She refused to see him and returned to him all his presents. On Sunday afternoon, while walking with George W. Moore, the son of the mill superintendent, she noticed Friese sitting on a fence with some of his companions. He demanded to know if she intended having anything further to do with him, and to her negative response she received a pistol shot through the right breast and another in the corner of her eye. Friese has made his escape.

—On Monday Fireman Matthew Byo had an experience that he will never forget. A brakeman named Thomas Higgins slipped between two freight cars on a moving train near Maple Ridge, Mich. The signal to stop was given by another brakeman, who saw the fall, and the train stopped and backed up to where Higgins lay. Five cars had passed over his body, which was frightfully mangled. The head was completely severed from the trunk and lay several feet from the track. Fireman Byo picked up the head, and was horror stricken to see the eyelids close and again open and partly close again. This was seen by Engineer William Whitney and the brakeman. All three were badly frightened. This sign of consciousness was given several minutes after the head was severed from the body. The three witnesses are reliable men.

—The rare ceremony of divorcing a woman from her dead husband, according to the old requirements of the Mosaic law, took place at the B Nai Jakobi Synagogue in Louisville, Ky., on Sunday. The woman was Mrs. Levin, whose husband, a peddler, was killed on the 27th of last June by two tramps. She had no children, and the old law of the orthodox Jews is that in such a case the dead man's eldest brother is to marry the woman and raise up children in the name of the deceased. Mrs. Levin, however, did not want to marry Israel Moses Levin, her husband's brother, nor he either. She had, therefore, to be divorced, and as there were not in Louisville two orthodox Jewish Rabbis, who were required to perform the ceremony, they were brought there from Chicago. The divorce took place in the synagogue in the presence of a small congregation that had been charged twenty-five cents a head.

—Jacob Oldenwalder, Recorder of Deeds for Northampton county, this State, is short in his accounts to the amount of nearly $8,000. The shortage will be made good by his bondsmen.

—A shot fired into a Presbyterian church meeting at Moss Point, Miss., on Wednesday night, killed Daniel K. McInis and wounded his daughter and Henry Blumer. The assassin is unknown.

—A boy named Egan shot and instantly killed a colored man named Joseph Rose at Greenbrier, W. Va., last Friday night. Rose was intoxicated, and catching a boy named Ashby he held his back against a hot store. Egan tried to release Ashby but failed, ran out of the depot, procured a revolver and shot Rose through the breast.

—On Tuesday morning C. A. Moore principal of the Philipsburg, Centre county, Schools, received an order from the directors to close the schools until next Wednesday week. The prevalence of diphtheria of a maligant form was the cause of the board's action. There are between three hundred and four hundred children in the schools. One death has occurred and a number of children are afflicted.

—James Hussey entered suit in Pittsburg on Tuesday for $20,000 damages against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The plaintiff says he lives in Turtle Creek, Westmoreland county, where the defendant road runs, and that on June 22d last he was at the station lawfully and was crossing the tracks when one of his feet caught between one of the planks of the platform and a track rail. That while so caught a train came and cut off both legs below the knees. The suit is for injuries thus sustained.

The Pittsburgh Exposition.

We wish to call attention to that great enterprise, where one can see so much for so little money. We advise our readers to take advantage of the cheap transportation, and see the great exposition, and while visiting the sister cities do not fail to look for number 82 Federal street, Allegheny, where one of the finest and most complete liquor stores can be seen in this country. You will convince yourself at a glance, that when you give your patronage to such a house you are sure to be well treated and get value for your money. The proprietor of said house cannot afford to hypothecate his reputation and do otherwise. He continues to sell six year old pure rye whisky at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00 His Silver Age has no equal, which he sells at $1.50 per full quart. All kinds of wines from 50c. upwards and no extra charges for packing or shipping to any place. Send for his price list and catalogue and oblige.
MAX KLEIN.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Clapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

The Most

Obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion, We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES,
BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS,
MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES,
LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND
VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES,
DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK,
LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND
HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored Silks, a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veilings, colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in all styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styles, Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hamburgs Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

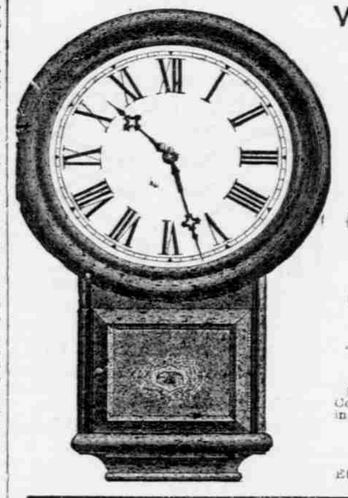
GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches,
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
CARL RIVINIUS.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURG

OPENS SEPT. 4th. CLOSES OCT. 19th

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

HOPPER BROTHERS. & CO.

Extend to you a hearty invitation when you visit the City to call and examine our stock of

BEDROOM FURNITURE, PARLOR FURNITURE.
CARPETS, LACE CURTAINS,
DINING AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.
BEDDING STOVES AND RANGES.

We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the City.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R. Depots pass our Doors. Will gladly give any information necessary.

Hooper Bros. & Co., 307 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Cynthia C. Shuttleworth's
Near Philadelphia.
School Opens Sept. 19th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Quarterly Pay'm'ts, $125.
Media Academy

Athletic and classifies young men and boys at any time ; fits them for Business, any College, Polytechnic School, for West Point or Annapolis. Advanced classes in Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Electrical or Civil Engineering, Classics, Mathematics, etc. One of the best equipped and best managed Schools. All students board with the Principal. Teachers all men and graduates of first-class Colleges. Fine buildings, range of desks, athletics, etc. Gymnasium. Special opportunities for graduates to advance rapidly. Preparatory and special students fitted for ward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies, or a Business, College-Preparatory, Electrical or Civil Engineering course. Penmanship and Chemistry, Practical Business Department, with Telegraphy, Short-hand, Type-writing, etc., etc. More fully supplied with apparatus than any other College-fitting school. Media Academy affords every home comfort, the best education, and the best training. Fixed prices cover every expense. No examinations for entrance. Illustrated catalogue sent free to any address. SMITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. B., A.M. (Harvard Graduate), Principal and Proprietor, Media, Pa. Circulars at this office.

The materials and work in our Clothing stamp it as the "Best Made." It looks well and time proves that it wears well. This "Best" Clothing for Man and Boy is reasonable in price at the "Ledger Building."

A. C. Yates & Co.

LEDGER BUILDING.
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.
PHILADELPHIA.

I. P. Thomas & Son's,

BONE FERTILIZERS

Contain all the valuable elements of stable manure in a concentrated form, specially prepared for all crops. They are manufactured for results—permanent results. They cannot be beaten in the field.

OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.

MANUFACTURED BY
I. P. THOMAS & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn'a.
FOR SALE BY

MASON & HAMLIN
Organ and Piano Company
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

NEW MODEL ORGAN, STYLE 2244. Contains a five octave, Sub Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price $60 cash ; also sold on the Easy Hire System at $12.50 per quarter, for ten quarters, when organ becomes property of person hiring.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS. The Mason & Hamlin "Stringer," invented and patented by Mason & Hamlin in 1882, is used in the Mason & Hamlin pianos exclusively. A Hamlin piano exhibits a Remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune as do no other instruments.

POPULAR STYLES ORGANS AT $22.50, $60, $70, $90, AND UP.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash, Easy Payments, and Rented. Catalogues free.
Oct. 4, 1889-4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of THOMAS BUCK, Deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Thomas Buck, late of Carroll township, Cambria County, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
HARRY S. BUCK, Administrator.
Carrolltown, Pa., August 30, 1889.-6t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm situate in Cambria township, three and a half miles east of Ebensburg, containing 74 acres, 80 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The farm is well watered, has a new frame house and a frame barn thereon erected and has an orchard of one hundred and twenty trees of choice fruit. Possession will be given at any reasonable time and terms will be made to suit the purchaser.
WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.
Cambria Twp., Aug. 30, 1889.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - OCT. 4, 1889.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Come in to see us.—Eckenrode & Hoppel.

—The Johnstown schools opened on Monday.

—Mrs. T. W. Dick is visiting friends in Blairsville.

—Wild geese are taking their annual Southern tour.

—For horse blankets and robes go to C. A. Langbein's.

—For robes and blankets go to Eckenrode & Hoppel's.

—You can buy an all-hand made single harness at Langbein's.

—Mr. Harry Esterline took his departure on Tuesday for Pittsburg.

—The largest and cheapest stock of whips at Langbein's.

—You can buy a good horse blanket at Langbein's harness shop for $1.

—Pay your taxes before to-morrow, (Saturday) if you want to vote.

—Miss Mary Roberts is visiting friends at Port Royal, Juniata county, Pa.

—Forty Hours' Devotion closed at the Catholic church on Wednesday morning.

—For men's, boy's and children's suits, overcoats and low prices go to Eckenrode & Hoppel.

—Thieves carried off a small quantity of flour from Drigg's steam grist mill one night last week

—We understand that Prof. A. R. Read, of this place, will remove to Altoona in the near future.

—Mr. and Mrs. John McDermitt, of Clearfield township, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday.

—It is of interest and value to housekeepers to know that tomato juice will take fruit stains out of linen.

—Persons who voted on age last year will have to pay their taxes before October 5th in order to get a vote.

—Mr. F. W. Olmes a wealthy and well-known citizen of Altoona, died at his home in that city on Wednesday.

—Col. John S. Miller, of the Blair House, this place, spent several days in Huntingdon, during the present week.

—Deputy Sheriff McMillen, who was shot by Joe Nicely in Somerset, is improving and now has a fair chance to recover.

—"Only a Farmer's Daughter" was played to a good-sized audience in the Opera House, this place, last Friday evening.

—A brick fell from the third story of a new building in Greensburg, Tuesday, on the head of Wilson Hays, injuring him fatally.

—Henry Adams, a much respected citizen of Jackson township, died at his home in that township on Monday last, aged about sixty years.

—A flying squirrel was seen in Punxsutawney the other evening, making a descent from the roof of a clothing store, right in the center of the town.

—A young boy, son of W. S. Confer, of Bonscreek, was run over and killed by an engine on Thursday of last week. He was about 13 years of age.

—On Monday next Mr. Herman Connel clerk in the P. R. R. depot, this place, will leave for Cresson where he has secured a position in the freight depot.

—James McNally and James Gorman were brought to jail from Johnstown, charged with hauling away 12,000 brick from the premises of David Davis.

—Tickets were printed at this week for the chancing off of two watches (one gold and the other silver), the proceeds to go for the benefit of the Catholic church.

—Mr. Ed. Byrne, who has been visiting his parents in this place for the past two weeks, has returned to Pittsburg where he has been employed for a year or more.

—Mr. H. A. McPike, of the Altoona *Times*, came up to this place on Saturday and returned home on Monday, being called here by the death of Mrs. Ward.

—Miss Etta Crouse and Miss Helen Murray, of this place, started on Wednesday last for Greensburg, where they will enter the convent of the Sisters of Charity.

—A thirty house-power stationery engine and boiler, also a Perry shingle mill and jointer complete, for sale at a bargain. For further particulars inquire at this office.

—The dead body of Charles Anderson was found on the Cresson and Coalport railroad track near Frugality a few days ago. His remains were interred at Chest Springs.

—If you want horse blankets or robes for winter call at C. A. Langbein's harness shop and examine his stock, he has the cheapest and best stock ever brought to Ebensburg.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 701 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—All persons practicing Veterinary Surgery in Cambria county for the past five years and wish to continue the same, must be registered in the Prothonotary's office before Oct. 15, 1889.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad company received a grand prize, being the highest award, for it exhibits at the Paris exposition. The cars, etc, were manufactured at the shops in Altoona.

—Wanted at McDonald's Loretto and Cresson stores, butter, eggs, potatoes, turnips, beans, onions, corn, oats, wheat and rye, also country knit wool socks and mitts. The highest prices paid.

—Thieves entered the cellar of Sheriff Stineman one night last week and carried off a quantity of provisions. When thieves get to stealing from the sheriff they have evidently lost all fear of the law.

—The residence of Joseph Whetmore near Hastings caught fire on last Friday night, and together with near ly all the furniture was burned to the ground, the family barely escaping in time to save their lives.

—The body of Mrs. Ryan, mother of ex-Sheriff John Ryan, who was an inmate of his household at the time of the Johnstown flood, was found on Friday last in the middle of the Stonycreek, lodged against a stump.

—Mr. Lester Markle, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Centre county, living in Hublersburg, while trying to control and subdue a vicious horse, was thrown from his buggy and killed. He lived only a few hours.

—The remains of Father Davin, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Camoria, whose death occurred at Denver, Colorado, as mentioned last week, were brought to Johnstown and interred in the cemetery at that place on Monday.

—An exchange notes the following for the benefit of those who do not take their home county papers: "It has been reliably ascertained that out of one hundred and eighty-five cases of successful swindling throughout the State by travelling sharpers, in various ways, by which people of the first districts were robbed, some to the extent of thousands of dollars, only ten were subscribers or readers of the home country papers.

—For bargains go to Eckenrode & Hoppel.

—Just returned from the East with a fine and complete line of ladies' misses' and children's coats and wraps which will be sold at a close margin for cash and produce. —Eckenrode & Hoppel.

—WANTED—To buy for cash 100 to 300 acres good grass and hay land, with good water, with or without buildings, on line railroad between Ebensburg and Cresson, near station. Address, F. W. Smith, Ebensburg, Pa.

—Mr. William Dodson, of Allegheny township, who has been a subscriber to the FREEMAN since it started in 1867, was in town on Saturday last, and still continues in the way he should go, by taking the FREEMAN still. Always glad to meet him.

—The best remedy to prevent taking cold buy your underwear, flannels, overcoats and wraps to keep your body warm, and your boots, shoes and over shoes to keep your feet dry where it will cost you least money, at Eckenrode & Hoppel's, Carrolltown.

—Mrs. Annie Conrad, wife of Thomas Conrad of Altoona, and adaughter of John J. Trexler, of Clearfield township, died at her home in Altoona on Sunday last. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Augustine on Tuesday last.

—The valuable hotel property located on Main street, Carrolltown, Pa., at present occupied by J. D. Thomas and known as Hotel Brunswick, will be sold on reasonable terms. For further information address M. D. Kittell or C. A. Langbein, Ebensburg.

—Recently the machinery in Nelson's Mill, at Cessna, Bedford county, suddenly stopped, An investigation followed and it was discovered that the water wheel had become clogged up with eels. Ninety-two eels were taken out of the wheel that day.

—WE have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—The remains of Samuel E. Reininger, a young man aged nineteen, who was murdered in Chicago by a companion named Purdy, were brought to Johnstown on Friday last and fully identified, and were interred in Sandyvale Cemetery on Sunday.

—Last Sunday night James Weyandt, a Greenfield township, Blair county farmer, aged 60, fell from the crowded platform of a car, as it passed over a bridge at Hollidaysburg, into the Juniata river and was drowned. The relatives will sue the Pennsylvania railroad for damages.

—The Johnstown Daily *Democrat* has entered on its second volume and although it has had more than ordinary hard luck, is prospering and going to stay. The *Democrat* is a welcome and always an interesting visitor to our office and we hope with each succeeding year its prosperity may be increased.

—A well known farmer recommends tar smoke as a diphtheria cure. His treatment is to put a few drops of tar, like that used in ship-yards, on a warm stove-lid, and to require the patient to inhale and swallow the smoke ten times day for five minutes each time. He has been invariably successful in his experiments.

—The following item is worth remembering: Fires resulting from the burning of oil are inextinguishable with water, but can can be readily smothered by throwing flour upon the burning oil. If a lamp should burst, a handful of flour th rown on immediately may be the means of quenching the flames, and thus saving life.

—County Commissioners in this State are authorized, whenever expedient, to employ detectives, and offer such rewards, in addition to that autnorized by law; as their judgment and the nature of the case may suggest, for the detection or apprehension of persons charged with felony. The rewards shall be paid out of the county treasury.

—By act of the last Legislature each county in the State is entitled to one free scholarship in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia. The appointment is to be made by the Governor on the recommendation of the County Superintendent of public schools. No appointment has yet been made from Cambria county.

—Hon. W. H. Andrews, chairman of the Republican State Committee, Hon. Henry K. Boyer, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, Hon. John M. Rose, Republican member of the Legislature from this county and a number of Republican postmasters from different parts of the county, held a pow-wow at the Lloyd House in this place, on Friday last.

—F. L. Stephens, of Tyrone, is making a big opening at Dysart, along the Cresson & Clearfield railroad, and expects to ship coal by the 1st of November. It is about six miles from Frugality. There is also a new mine opening up at Asbville by Richard Bowen, formerly superintendent of the mines at Frugality, who has located there. *Altoona Tribune.*

—The Lock Haven *Express* says that Robert Myers, of Dunnstown, has a plum tree on his premises which until recently was a healthy and thrifty tree. About three weeks ago the leaves fell off and the tree seemed to be dying. Within a week new leaves have appeared and the tree is now in full bloom as in early spring-time. It is a wonderful freak of nature.

—"Aunt Polly" Stickler has made an engagement to sit in one of Macy's show windows in New York and spin yarn for thirty days at $5 per day. Macy is the Wanamaker of New York, and he has engaged "Aunt Polly" and her art as an advertisement. She recently had a photograph taken of herself and family engaged in the different processes of converting flax into yarn. The scene is laid in front of the old home barn.—*Bedford Inquirer.*

—A cutting affray took place at Glen White Saturday evening which may end fatally. There are a number of Italians living there who are employed at the coke ovens. Two of these, George Barnelado and Peter Dunko, got into a quarrel over a game of cards, during which Barnelado stabbed Dunko in the side with a large knife. The cut is an ugly one and it is probable that the injured man will die. Both men are said to have been drunk at the time of the affray.

—If any of our readers are in need of artistic and substantial cemetery work, made from the best qualities of marble and granite, they will do well to call on J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers in this place, where they will find a nice stock to select from, or send them word and they will visit you with a large selection of new and original designs, they guarantee all their work and if their work is not as represented they will not ask you to take it, they are prepared to fill all orders at home and abroad at prices that defy competition. Give them a trial. A 5 6m.

—The work of disinfecting the flooded districts in Johnstown was no small affair. The disinfectants used were as follows: Lime 20 carloads; chloridate of lime, 25 tons; Quibble's liquid, 1,000 barrels; rosin, 140 barrels; tar, 140 barrels; pitch, 100 barrels. Bullen's disfectant, 110 barrels, Sanitas, 8 barrels; copperas 100 tons; phenique, 5 barrels; muriatic acid, 3 carboys; carbolic acid 100 gallons; sodium hypochloride, 600 bottles; Platt's chloride; 300 bottles; corrosive sublimate, 166 pounds; Werther's disinfectant, 100 pints; bromine, 2,000 bottles; nitric acid, 4 carboys.

—A riot occurred at an Hungarian christening at Aliport No. 10 colliery, about four miles from Philipsburg, Clearfield county. One Hungarian, named Mike Ketch, was murdered outright and two others were seriously hurt. Four of the rioters are in the Clearfield jail and warrants have been issued for several others. It is not known for certain that the murderers have been arrested.

—Hon. John Flanagan, ex-Associate Judge of this county, died at his home in Stonycreek township on Tuesday, October 1st, 1889. Judge Flanagan was born in Indiana county, January 15th, 1812, and located in Johnstown in 1836. He served two terms as associate judge of this county, he and Judge Joseph Masters being the last associate judges, they being on the bench when Cambria county was made a separate judicial district.

—If you are a kicker and see the shadow of a failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go out into some secluded canon and kick your own shadow upon the clay banks, and thus give the men who are working to build up the town a chance. One long-faced, hollow-eyed, whining, creaping, chronic kicker can do more to keep away business and capital from a town than all the drouths short crops, chinch bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined.

—Robert G. Ford, for a number of years Superintendent of the Bell's Gap railroad, and before that time agent for the Pennsylvania railroad at Cresson, died suddenly in Colorado on Sunday. He recently resigned the Superintendency of the road and went to Colorado to accept a position as Superintendent of an extensive coal works. He was about forty years old and a son-in-law of ex-Sheriff D. F. Steck, of Bellwood, formerly of Greensburg. He was universally respected. His remains will be brought to Greensburg for interment.

—Mrs. Reinman, wife of Theodore Reinman, who resides a short distance west of Gallitzin, was struck by an engine on the Pennsylvania railroad while walking on the track on Wednesday last and so badly mangled that she died in about an hour after being taken home. Mrs. Reinman in the morning went to Gallitzin to make some purchases and started home about nine o'clock. She had got as far as the deep cut just west of Gallitzin when she was struck by the engine, knocking her under the wheels and cutting off both of her legs. She was about 30 years of age and leaves a husband but no children.

—On Monday evening the boiler of the steam saw mill of John Reddingner, located on the farm of John Kunselman in Blacklick township exploded, badly scalding two men, one of whom the fireman named Priester, will hardly recover. There had been a leak in the boiler and it was in a dangerous condition for some time, but they still continued to use it. Just before the explosion it was leaking so badly that the fireman had concluded to stop, but as there was one more cut to make in the log on the mill before quitting, he kept the machinery going until the cut was made, and when about to shut off the steam the explosion occurred. The mill was but little injured and several men employed on the mill escaped unhurt.

No General Resumption.

The visit of Dr. J. C. Sheridan, H. W. Storey, and Hon. John M. Rose to Harrisburg and their interview with the Governor for the purpose of inducing him to continue work in Johnstown for a week or two yet are points familiar to the public. It is also known through a special from Harrisburg in last evening's *Tribune*, that the Governor referred the matter to Dr. Benjamin Lee, of the State Board of Health, and promised, if the Doctor so recommended, to allow the workmen to remain here a short time yet to put the rivers in a sanitary condition.

Dr. Lee, being appraised of the Governor's decision, started at once to Johnstown, arriving here last night, (Tuesday).

This morning he, Dr. W. E. Matthews, Dr. J. C. Sheridan, Dr. W. B. Lowman, and Capt. George C. Hamilton made an inspection of the rivers, making their way along the banks on foot.

At noon Dr. Lee was found at the State Board's headquarters, and when asked by a reporter what his decision was—if he had arrived at one—concerning the continuance of work, he said:

"The completion of the work which it was designed to do on the Stonycreek river for the purpose of affording a free outflow to the sewage of the town will be proceeded with. A moderate force of laborers will be re-enlisted to work for a week or ten days with this single objet in view."

"There will be no general resumption of work, then, Doctor?" the reporter remarked.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "there will be no general resumption. If there are one or two cellars that have been partially cleaned the work on them may be finished, but that will be all."

This would seem to settle the status of the State's further operations here, and leaves no ground for hoping that any of the still undiscovered dead will be found, save through chance of the work of individuals. —*Johnstown Tribune.*

A Bereaved Family.

From the Altoona daily *Times* of Monday we find the following, with a request that the papers of Cambria county copy. Mr. Cain was formerly a resident of Munster township and is a son of Mr. James Cain, who still resides there:

The already stricken home of Mr. and Mrs. John Cain, 1013 Second avenue, is again made desolate by the death of two more of their children, George and Laura, both of whom were buried on Sunday evening in St. John's cemetery. It was truly a most heartrendering spectacle to behold, two funerals together out of one family the same day and these succeeding two other funerals out of the same family during the week; the first dying being Mary Adelia, aged 16, and the second Gertrude, aged 3 years.

George's age was 14 and that of Laura's was 12 years. There are two more members of the same family sick with the same malignant disease—diptheria—from which neither of them are expected to recover.

The contition of this afflicted family, whose prospects but a few days ago were so hopeful, cheering and promising, seems for the time being to be sadly blasted.

But the Great Master of the universe—the God of merey—whe doeth all things well saith to the bereaved parents, "I am the God of the living as well as of those precious ones who are gone before you; bear your sad affliction with that true Christian fortitude which I am ever pleased to grant you and all will be well." And that God may grant them to do this is the fervent prayer of a sympathizing community.

Queer Case.

Mr. Emanuel Custer, erected a new house in Moxham, expecting to pay for the same with profits accruing from a first class boarding house. It was no sooner opened, when eight stalwart boarders were procured Mrs. Custer being somewhat prepossessing and an excellent cook, soon won the hearts of all, especially of one Jamie, whom Mr. Custer says, not only claims his wife, but also all his property real and personal. Mr. Custer is an aged man, and his wife insists he is no more her husband, as she married Jamie several days ago, and intends to live with him as such, even if she cannot hold the propetty.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Institute Entertainments.

The course of lectures to be given at the coming Teachers' Institute will be the best ever given in Cambria county.

Four lectures by the best men on the platform.

The people of Ebensburg showed last year that they will support a good lecture and it has been decided to place four first-class lectures on the program this year.

Col. Russell Conwell, the prince of lecturers, at the unanimous request of those who heard him last year, and those who did not will give his best lecture "Acres of Diamonds," Monday evening, November 18, 1889.

Conwell has no equal on the platform in ability to entertain, educate and elevate his hearers. It will be worth more than the whole four lectures will cost to hear him alone.

This is probably the last time he will ever lecture here.

Hon. B K. Bruce, Ex. U. S. Senator, from Mississippi, and Ex-Regisaer of the Treasury will lecture on "The Race Problem," on Tuesday evening, November 19. Bruce is a ripe scholar of commanding presence, possesses a full musical voice and is one of the most graceful and eloquent orators in this country. Everybody will want to see and hear this great colored speaker.

John De Witt Miller, "One of the grandest of platform orators" will lecture two nights, Wednesday and Thursday, November 20th and 21st.

First lecture "The Uses of Ugliness." This will be very interesting to your neighbor.

Henry W. Grady, the Southern orator, says: Mr. Miller is a fine specimen of physical manhood, is possessed of a voice which though strong and yrile, is nevertheless pleasant and musical.

He speaks without notes, has a perfect command of language, is vigorous and picturesque in style, earnest and conscientious in his discussion of mora l questions Brilliant and witty in his description of men and places. . . . It was simply the best lecture I ever beard in my life without any exception, I have never heard such blending of humor and pathos."

None but the best are risked for two nights. The house will be crowded the second night. No such course as this has ever been given in this county. Why can not Ebensburg support as good a lecture course as Indiana, Somerset or Clearfield? We believe she will.

By getting a season ticket you will get reserved seats for the whole four lectures at the usual cost of two. Save your dimes.

Not Correct.

Gibbs Hasson, the heretofore Democratic postmaster at Ebensburg, refuses to recognize President Harrison's commission to Mr. Barker, and desires to surrender the office to his appointed successor.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

The above is not correct. Mr. Barker, the new postmaster, was ready to move the post office before he had any authority to take it, and as a consequence Gibbs Hasson declined to hand it over until he had such authority. Gibbs Hasson's commission does not expire until the 28th of next April and he would have to be removed, suspended, or resign before there could be a job for a new postmaster. Although perfectly *resigned* to being removed or suspended, he had not resigned, and had received no notice of his suspension or removal. Mr. Barker telegraphed to the department for the necessary document which he received on Tuesday, presented to Gibbs Hasson on Tuesday evening, when the office was promptly turned over and removed the same night. Gibbs Hasson did not refuse to recognize President Harrison's commission, but he expected President Harrisson to do business in a business way.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1889:

W. W. Beahn and Elizabeth Gains, Delaney.

Wm. Blake, Johnstown and Sadie Harrison, Jackson township.

Andrew Smith and Bridget O'Connell, Millville.

Benjamin Rager and Jennie Dearmin, Jackson township.

Edward Sanford and Bella Rutledge, Johnstown.

John Yurt and Christena Young, Johnstown.

DIED.

WARD—Died at her home in Ebensburg on Saturday, September 28th, 1889, Mrs. Bridget Ward, wife of Mr. Martin Ward, aged about 73 years.

The deceased was born in County Galway, Ireland, where she was married in 1836 to Mr. Martin Ward, where with her husband she continued to reside for several years after their marriage and where their three oldest children were born, the second child dying when quite young before the family left Ireland. After their coming to this country the family resided for a short time in Bellefonte, Pa., from there removing to Hollidaysburg, Pa., where after a residence of 14 years Mr. Ward bought a farm in Summerhill township, near Wilmore, on which they lived up to 1873 when he sold his farm and removed to Ebensburg where they have resided ever since. Mrs. Ward leaves to survive her a bereaved husband and four children, namely, Rev. John Ward, of Pittsburg; Alphonsus Ward, a traveling salesman in the West; Mrs. P. A. Schwab, of Chester, Pa., and Will J. Ward, of Ebensburg. Of her deceased children, one already mentioned, died in Ireland, the oldest, Rev. Patrick Ward, died in Pittsburg about fifteen years ago, Martin died in Ebensburg about three years ago and Mrs. H. A. McPike, wife of H. A. McPike, of the Altoona *Times*, died on the 3rd of May last in Altoona; we are unable to state the date of the deaths of the two other members of the family, but they occurred previous to their residence in Ebensburg. Mrs. Ward was truly a good woman; kind and charitable, she performed her work throughout her life with the single purpose of doing her duty to her God, her husband, her family and her neighbors and she has gone to meet her eternal reward. She was a devoted member of the Catholic church and in her death was consoled by all the comforting assurances of her religion. After the celebration a Solemn High Mass of Requiem by her son, Rev. John Ward on Monday last, her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in Ebensburg. May she rest peace.

Pain and Dread

Attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber residing at Dysart, Clearfield township, on the 26th of September, a light brown cow, about 12 years old, with white spot on forehead and white spot on top of back, and part of the tail white and very bushy. The owner is requested to come forward, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. C. A PEERSON.

Dysart, Oct. 4, 1889.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the proceedings in partition in the estate of David E. Evans, weaver, deceased. The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court to ascertain liens against the heirs of said deceased and to report distribution of the money in the hands of the recognizor to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg on Tuesday, October 22, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place all persons interested are required to attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

F. W. DICK, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1889.-3t.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

DONALD E. DUFFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
☞ Office in Colonnade Row.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the account of M. D. Kittell, assignee of John R. Fiske, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on the first Monday of October next unless cause be shown to the contrary.

H. A. SHOEMAKER,
Ebensburg, Sept. 20, 1889.-3t. Prothy.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the Loretto Merchandise company are hereby notified to call and settle on or before the 1st day of October next, as after that date the books will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

JOHN F. WILL.

Loretto, Sept. 13, 1889.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Thomas Griffith and George Hettler under the firm name of Griffith & Hettler, was dissolved on the 20th day of September, A. D., 1889, by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by said Thomas Griffith and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him at once. THOMAS GRIFFITH.
GEORGE HETTLER.

Ebensburg, Sept. 27, 1889.-3t.

ARGUMENT LIST.

Oct. 7, 1889.

Burk ..... vs. Christy.
McClarkey ..... vs. Gillespie.
Easen ..... vs. Farber.
Parrish ..... vs. McGough.
Exceptions to Auditors' Report in re estate Wm. Myers
In re rule on Jno. Hill, Constable.
Thompson ..... vs. Donahoe.
Same ..... vs. Same.
Benford ..... vs. Same.
In re road in Carroll township.
Vonderbaker ..... vs. Snipes.
Caldwell ..... vs. Young.
In re rule on Adam Myers, Committee.
Somey ..... vs. McBride.
In re petition of Catherine Layton to satisfy mortgage.
Evans ..... vs. Reese.
Use Agatha Will ..... vs. Thos. Will.
In re road in Reade township.
Yost ..... vs. Yost.
Kline ..... vs. Elliott.
Hopple ..... vs. Boland.
Fiyzn ..... vs. Farabaugh.
Gray ..... vs. Gray & Wyland.
Brindle ..... vs. Seese.
Tabnestock ..... vs. Shiffler.
Gray ..... vs. Stoy.
In re rule on Poor Directors.
Gates, Son & Co ..... vs. Fiske.
Stahler ..... vs. Craver.
Delozier Bros ..... vs. Cordell.
Schedd ..... vs. Upper Yoder Twp.
In re road in Munster and Washington townships.
Asherafi ..... vs. Asherafi.
Cresswell ..... vs. Outwald.
McGonigle ..... vs. Myers.
Same ..... vs. Same.
Commonwealth ..... vs. Spencer.
McKay ..... vs. Anderson.

H. A. SHOEMAKER,
Ebensburg, Sept. 20, 1889. Proth'y.

READ AND REFLECT!

What Simon Bros., Successors of S. B. Corn, will do for their Customers.

☞ To our customers' interests: We make a constant study of reducing prices. ☜

Apples, dried in quart's, 5, and 6c.	Beans, soup, 5c.	Cheese, Switzer, 15c.	Chocolate, sweet, 8c.
Apricots, canned, 24c.	Beans, lima, 6c.	Corn, dried, 15c.	Oatsup, 9c
Alspice, ground, 20c.	Bacon, 9c and 10c.	Corn meal, 2c.	Coffee, ~ruckles, 23c.
Alspice, whole, 25c.	Baking Powder, Simon's, 25c.	Corn & oats chop, $1.15 per cwt.	Coffee, Patrola, 20c.
Alum, 10c per pound.	Barley, Pearl, 6c.	Corn, shelled, 60c.	Coffee green 22c.
Bird seed, 7c.	Baking molasses, 22c.	Condensed milk, 15c.	Crackers, soda, 8c.
Buckwheat flour, 3c.	Canned salmon, 15c.	Candy, stick, 12 and 15c per lb.	Crackers, oyster, 8c.
Bran, 50c.	Canned corn, 7c and 9c.	Candy, mixed, 10 and 15c per lb.	Crackers, tea, 25c.
Blueing, dry, 35c.	Currants, 7c.	Candy, French, 15 and 25c per lb.	Cakes, sugar, mixed, 12c
Blueing, liquid, 5c.	Cheese, cream, 12c.	Chocolate drops, 25c.	Cinnamon, ground, 7c.
		Chocolate, bakers, 8c.	Castor oil, 8c.

The good people of Lilly and Portage will save money if they deal with S. B. Corn's successors.

Clothes pins 8 doz. for 5c.	Jelly, peach, 7c.	Lard, loose, 9c.	Lamp burners, 5 and 8c.
Ham, California, 10c.	Jelly, quince, 7c.	Lard, 3 lb buckets, 27c.	Light shirting prints, 5 and 6c.
Hominy, 3c.	Jelly, raspberry, 7c.	Lard, 5 lb buckets, 44c.	Striped shirting prints, 5 and 6c.
Hops, 8c.	Jelly, blackberry, 7c.	Lard, 10 lb baskets, 90c.	Table-cloth, linen, Damask, 20c, 25c, 30 and 35c.
Jelly, currant, 7c.	Kimmel, 20c.	Lard, 20 lb buckets, $1.80.	

In addition to low prices, Simon Bros. aim to give the best accommodation.

Table cloth, turkey red, 25 and 30c.	Blankets, red, all-wool, $3 and $3.25.	Dress goods, 5, 10, 15, and 20c.	Red all-wool flannel, 15c up.
Table cloth, plain white linen, 20 & 25c.	Blankets, wool, white, $1 and 1.50.	Bedspreads, 50, 75 and $1.	Blue all-wool flannel, 35c up.
Ticklings, red striped, straw, 9 & 15c.	Blankets, gray, $1.50 and $1.75.	Plaid cotton cashmere, 8 and 15c.	Gray all-wool flannel, 14c.
Ticklings, blue striped, straw, 10 & 12c	Breakfast shawls, 25, 35 and 50.	Plaid all-wool cashmere, 40, 50 & 60c.	Dernett white flannel, 10c.
Ticklings, red striped, feathers, 15 & 18c.	Crepe, black, 40 and 75c.	All-wool trinot cloth, 25, 35 and 45c.	All-wool white flannel, 25c.
Velvets, black, 35 and 50c.	Cambrics, white, 10 and 12c, Cambrics, colored, 5 and 6c.	Dress ginghams, 8 and 10c.	Dress flannels, 25c.
Velvets, colored, 30 and 50c.	Cashmeres, black, 6c.	Drilling, drab, 8c.	Muslin sheeting, 22 and 25c.
	Crash, cotton, 3, 5, 8 and 10c.	Drilling, blue, 12c.	Crash, fine all linen, 10c.
		Denim, brown, 4 yards for 50c.	Crash, Russia, 8, 10 and 20c.

The wise people of Sonman and Portage will deal with Simon Bros., Gallitzin, Pa.

Middlings, $1 per cwt.	Pears, canned, 22c.	Soda saleratus.	Starch, corn, 8c.
Miners' cotton, 3c, or 2 for 5c.	Shoe blacking, 3 and 5c.	Starch, loose, 5c.	Salt, small sacks, 3 and 5c.
Peaches, dried, 8c.	Sardines, 7c or 4 for 25c.	Starch, 1 lb package, 8c.	Shoulder, sugar cured, 9c.
Potatoes, early, 50c per bu.	Salmon, canned, 15c.	Miners' lamps 10 and 16c	Shoulder, salt cured, 8c.
		Soap, mill edge, 10 for 25c.	Side meat, 10c.
		Soap, water lilly, 6 for 25c.	
		Scribs 15c	
		1 pint dippers 5c	
		Coal shovels 5 and 10c	
		1 pint cups 3c.	
		Frying pans 15 and 25c.	

Simon Bros. keep step to the music of Commercial Progress by the tune of Low Prices.

Shaving brushes, 14c.	Tobacco, Durham, 3c and 5c.	Wash boards, 25 and 25c.	BOOTS AND SHOES.
Tobacco, horse shoe, 46c.	Scrub brushes, 5, 8, 12 and 18c.	FLOUR AND FEED.	Men's brogans, $1 and 1.20.
Tobacco, Standard, 13c.	Shoe brushes, 15 and 25c.	Ylenna flour, $1 55	Men's hob nails, 1.25 and 1.35.
Tobacco A. B. C. 30c, 4 pieces $1.	Tea, Oolong, 25 and 35c per lb.	Rye flour, 1.25.	Men's high cut lace boots, 1.35.
Tobacco, Spear Head, 40c.	Tea Young Hyson, 25, & 35c per lb.	Roller flour, 1.85.	Men's high cut fine 1.50 2, and 2.50.
Tobacco, Virginia, 5 and 10c.	Tea, Imperial, 20, 35 and 50c per lb.	Corn and oats chop, 1.15.	Men's Walkenhast, lace, 1.97.
Tobacco, Miners' pride cut & dry, 8c.	Tea, Japan, 35c per lb.	Rye and oats chop, 1.45.	Men's Walkenphast, buttoned, 1.50.
Tobacco, Weyman's 22c a lb, 8c plug.	Tea, Gun powder, 40 and 50c per lb.	Bran, 1.00.	Men's Walkenphast congress, shoes, 1.50 and 1.97.
Tobacco, Five Bros, 30c a lb, 8c plug.	Tea, Mixed, 25c.	Corn meal, 38c for 25 lbs.	
Tobacco, Mail pouch, 30c lb. 8c poke.	Tea, English Breakfast, 35c per lb.	Oats, 15c per bushel.	Men's fine samero, 2 50, 2 75, 3.00.
Tobacco Snuff, 75c.	Tomatoes, 9c, 3 cans for 25c.	Corn, 60c per bushel.	Men's fine namero, buttoned, 2.
			Men's fine namero lace, 1.67.

The people appreciate good values the world over, and therefore they will deal with S. B. Corn's successors.

Men's carpet slippers, 35 and 40c.	Boy's fine high lace, 1.25 and 1.35.	Ladies' fine morocco, 1.00 to 1.48.	Child's gum shoes, 15c.
Men's Leatner slippers, 60 and 75c.	Boy's fine high buttoned, 1.25 & 1.35.	Ladies' leather slippers, 90c.	NOTIONS.
Men's fancy cloth slippers 75c.	Boy's fine high congress, 1.25, 1.35.	Ladies' fancy slippers, 54c.	Child's lace collars, 5, 10, 15 and 25c.
Men's gum shoes, 20, 25, 35 and 50c.	Ladies' calf boots, 1.97	Ladies' fine boots, 2.50	Curtains, lace, 75c, 1.00 and 1.50.
Men's cloth overshoes, 75c.	Boy's heavy leather boots, 1.50, 2.00.	Child's button shoes, 55c.	Clark's 6 cord cotton, 6 for 25c.
Men's cloth buckled overshoes, $100.	Men's fine leather boots, 2.49.	Misses' heavy shoes, 85c.	Cuffs, ladies' linen, 10, 12 and 15c.
Men's gum boots, 2.25.	Ladies' heavy shoes, 1.00.	Misses' fine shoes, 1.00.	Child's collars, 5, 8 and 10c.
Boy's brogans, 75c.	Ladies' heavy buttoned shoes, 1.19.	Misses' fancy slippers, 50c.	Buttons, chem ivory, 2 and 5c.
Boy's brogans, calls, 90c.	Ladies' fine kid, 1.25 and 1.45.	Ladies' gum shoes, 25c.	Buttons, fancy dress, 5, 10 and 15c.
Boy's heavy high lace shoes 1.00.	Ladies' fine pebble, 1.20 and 1.90.	Ladies' cloth overshoes, 68c.	

Take your time and look this over carefully. It will be to your interest.

Cotton knitting yarns, 3c or 2 for 5c.	Ladies' plain white linen, 10c.	Ribbons, satin black, 8c.	Square cupboards, 8.50.
Ladies' Berlin kid gloves, 50c.	Ladies' silk handkerchiefs, 50 & 75c.	Yarns, common knitting, colored, 5c.	Cradles, 1 to 3 75 and 2.00.
Ladies' cloth gloves, 5, 10 and 15c.	Hat pins, 1c.	Embroideries, 2, 5, 8, 12, 10, 18, 25, 50, 60 and 75c.	Drop leaf tables, 2.00 to 4.00.
Misses' cloth gloves, 5, 10 and 15c	Mourning pins, 5c.	FURNITURE.	Round tables, 1.50, 2.00 and 4.00.
Hose, ladies' and children's 10 & 12c.	Common pins, 3c or 2 for 5c.	Doughtrys, 7.50.	Square tables, 1.00 and 1.50.
Ladies' hem stitched handk'fs, 5c.	Ruching, white, 5, 10 and 15c a yard.	Sinks, 3.00 and 4.00.	Extension, 3.00.
Ladies' colored border, 5, 10 & 15c.	Ribbons, velvet, black, 5c and up.	Corner cupboards, 6.75.	Stands, plain top, 1.25, 4.00 and 7.00.
	Ribbons, satin, colored, 10c.		Wash stands, 1.50 and 2.00.

It's an everlasting fact that Simon Bros. have the Cheapest Cash Store on the Mountain.

Cane seated rocking chairs, 75c 1.50 and 2.50.	Kitchen chairs 2.50 and 2.75.	Double bedsteads 2 50 to 6 00.	Pine buckets 13 and 15c.	
Perforated seated 1.00 and 2.50.	Sofas single 4.00 and 4.50.	Child's rocking chair, 75c.	Wash boards 17c.	
Solid seated 75c 1

To Make Your Flesh Creep.

Some tricks of the jugglers in India are really marvelous. Here is one that is described in a recent letter from Calcutta :

After time enough to quiet our nerves had elapsed the leader stepped forward, holding in his hand a ball of colored cotton twine, and, retaining one end of it in his left hand, he threw the ball straight up in the air. It unwound as it ascended, and just when the end fluttered loose and we expected to see all of it come down with a run, a bird swooped down, and, taking the end of the cord in its beak, held the line suspended. Presently the line vibrated and we could see wriggling down it a serpent, which the skin caught and handed to an attendant, hurried back to receive from the hands of the skin an Indian baby that had come down the string with a rush, and lay squirming in his arms.

The ball of cotton on which these mysterious phenomena were seen was about the size of a boombshell. How it could have contained a live serpent and a live baby I am at a loss to understand. We thoroughly examined the baby, pinched it with the usual result, and can certify that it was a living child with healthy lungs. I may mention that when the attendant took the baby the skin took the serpent and swallowed it quietly and quickly. All this time the mesmerized man had stood a little apart from the other Hindoos and was still in the trance. Turning to him now the leader made a few passes with his hands and brought the fellow back to consciousness, but we could not see the hand-made Hindoo, nor did any of us notice what had become of him.

Tin Mines of the Black Hills.

The tin in its raw state is black, and is called black cassiterite. This black tin is imbedded in gigantic rock or mica schist. It also appears in crystals sometimes, and frequently is distributed through the rock in such small particles as to mere black specks, almost imperceptible to the naked eye. The whole country in which tin is found is volcanic. The earth is broken and thrown up by pressure from underneath. Ages ago it was a seething cauldron. The mountain of Harney's Peak does not itself contain tin, but nearly every hill around it for miles and miles is filled with the precious metal. The black lumps were the terror of the miners when they sought for the sparsely scattered through that region, and they cursed the "iron," as they called ; but now they are searching for the very lumps which they once cast away as worthless. The are mica beds, but the black iron so impregnated them that they were thought to be worthless ; now the more iron in the mica the better.

The most careful estimates show the Black Hills tin to be very valuable, and equal in quality to the best tin of Europe. If all the rock is taken and broken at the mill the yield in percentage is low ; but if the rock is picked, as it usually is, it is very high. Hand samples for exhibition contain twenty-five and even fifty per cent. of black tin.

The Electrical Plant of India.

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is annulled during the night.

At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb and bends its head during a thunder shower; it remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected beside it.

One never by any chance sees a bird or insect alight on the electric plant ; an instinct seems to warn them that they would find sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found ; neither iron, nor cobalt, nor nickel, an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant. Light and heat, phosphorescence, magnetism, electricity, how many mysteries and botanical problems does this wondrous Indian plant conceal within its leaf and flowes.

Things Worth Knowing.

If a whole egg is too much of a burden for an invalid's stomach, try the yolk only.

If poisoned by ivy, bathe the affected parts freely three times a day with sweet spirits of nitre.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window-curtains fall to the door. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling and thus carry out the effect.

A London medical man says : "Be careful in your dealings with horse-radish. It irritates the stomach far more than spices, and an overdose will bring an unpleasant sensation for days."

For excessive perspiration of the feet, one part of alum with two parts of glycerine should be rubbed on the feet at night and a light open sock worn. In the morning the feet should be washed with tepid water.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sholoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

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GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

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Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

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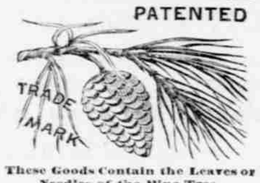

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

Boy—Mother, since I have been using *Wolff's Acme Blacking* my shoes wear longer than ever before, and I never get my feet wet, but I do not think the black as smooth as when I first used it.

Mother—Indeed, my son, I am sorry you are so careless. You forget that even a good thing is only good when properly used. You have not even looked at the directions, for they are yet around the neck of the bottle. Now you must read them, and they will get you out of your trouble. Your father and I keep our shoes in elegant order by its use. I use it about once a month and pass about once a week.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is wonderful; preserving and Waterproofing any leather; giving it a deep, rich black lustre which lasts a week. Don't use others; Do not confound ACME Blacking with any other. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c. Try it on your Harness.

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ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

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Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Shop in Barkers' Row, on Centre street.

apr12'82

How Stephen Girard Made a Man Rich.

Seeing a story about old Stephen Girard the other day reminded me of an incident that shows one of his peculiarities. Girard had a drayman who was a decidedly poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich.

"What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble.

"Oh," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich. ?"

"Well, why don't you get rich ?" said the millionare harshly.

"I don't know how without money." returned the drayman.

"You don't need money, said Girard.

"Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other.

"There is going to be a ship load of confiscated tea sold at auction to-morrow at the warf ; go down there and buy it in and then come to me."

The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a ship load of tea with," he said.

"You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid on the whole cargo and then come to me."

The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship load, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A retail grocer started the bidding and the drayman raised him. On seeing this the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired the one case.

"I'll take the whole ship load," coolly returned the successful bidder.

The auctioneer was astonished, but some one whispering to him that it was Giard,s man who was the speaker his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Grard was buying tea in large quantitres, and the next day the price rose several cents.

"Go and sell your tea," said Giard to the drayman the next day.

The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made several contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth $50,000.

How Tea was Discovered.

Tea came into use almost by accident. Some Buddhist priests going on a missionary expedition from Northern India to China, took with them the dried leaves and also some cuttings of an indigenous shrub which was said to have the power of correcting any injurious properties in the brackish water they might meet with on the way. The decoction thus made pleased the missionaries so well that they continued, as a matter of taste, to drink it after they reached China, and introduced it to their converts.

They also set about planting the precious shrub, and, although it did not thrive so well in China as in its native Assam, becoming smaller both in stem and leaf, it was so well liked that it soon formed the foundation of the favorite beverage of all China. Thence it was brought to Europe, to be drunk and desired by Englishmen of every degree. And it is only of late years that Assam tea has come into the European market, to be looked upon rather suspiciously at the rival of its own degenerated Chinese daughter.

Things a Woman Can Do.

She can come to a conclusion without the slighest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in a half dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk of sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they bad exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

Nature's Own Bridges.

The most remarkable natural bridge in the world, is the Jisrel Hajar, which opens a gorge not far from the ruins of the temble of Adonis, in the province of Lebanon, in Syria. It is a flat piece of limestone rock, from ten to fifteen thick, perfectly arched on the under side. The gorge is about one hundred and fifty feet across, and the bridge is about one hundred feet from the bed of the torrent below. The bridge is so broad and level that a good carriage road might be made over it.

This bridge is surpassed in height by the natural bridge in Rockbridge County, Virginia, about one hundred and twenty-five miles west of Richmond, and about two miles from the James River. It extends over Cedar creek. The height of the arch is two hundred feet, and the upper surface of the bridge is two hundred and forty feet above hhe stream.

Oh, What a Cough

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.

It Makes You Hungry.

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORELAND, Primus, S.C.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that ragged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. $1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves *all frayed out.* The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—*the Spring medicine of to-day*—does all this, as nothing else can. *Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be*

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES *Color anything any color. Never Fail! Always sure!*

LACTATED FOOD *Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physician's favorite.*

HUGHSON & SULLIVAN'S DANDY WAGON.

No. 200.

THE FINEST RUNABOUT WAGON IN THE MARKET FOR THE DEALER OR USER. It is well made and finished from first-class Stock and fully warranted.

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Send for Catalogue showing a Variety of styles of Wagons, Carriages, Buggies, Carts and Cutters.

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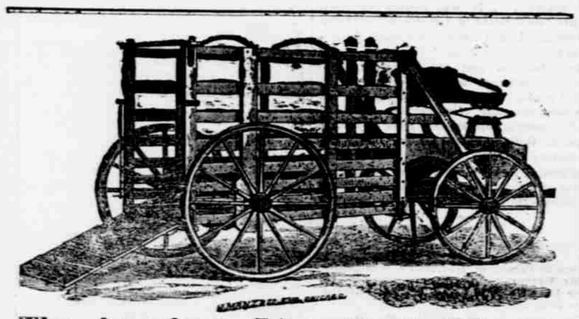

The American Live-Stock Wagon.

For the Use of Butchers and Stockmen. Saves Time, Labor and Expense.

No danger to the animal you are conveying, or to your horses. The animal does not get heated up, but is ready to kill as soon as it reaches the slaughter-house, and your meat is sound and healthy when it is brought to the block.

Ask for Catalogue "B." For prices, terms and circulars, address

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BLAIR & SON'S

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The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also, Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

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The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.

Correspondence solicited.

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Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

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Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

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Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

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"This is the Boot for ME!"

DON'T BUY YOUR Rubber Boots until you have seen the "COLCHESTER" with Sole leather Heel. This is the best fitting and MOST DURABLE BOOT in the market. Made of the best PURE GUM Stock. The Sole leather Heel saves Money to the Wearer.

DON'T BUY YOUR ARCTICS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE COLCHESTER ARCTIC with "Outside Counter." Ahead of ALL others in style & durability. If you want the worth of your money try the Colchester with "OUTSIDE COUNTER."

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The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms etc. Also manufacturers of Light and Heavy Iron Fencing, Cresting, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters, Fire Escapes of different designs, and all kinds of Iron and Wire Work.

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Something entirely new. Write now to GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

THE FREEMAN has the largest circulation. Advertise in it and be benefited.

How to Prevent Colds.

The phrase "taking cold" is not found in standard medical works. Physiciahs regard it as inexact, and, therefore, unscientific. By general use and common consent, however, it has become a part of our language.

People in all walks of life, and in all climes, take cold, Those who live at a high altitude in the West Indies, where the mercury varies but ten degrees in a year, feel a change of two degrees as much as do a variation of ten times as many.

Anything which impairs the nutrition of the body, the nervous system, or the circulation of the blood renders us more susceptible to the influences which produce colds.

First, then, one should see that his diet, exercise, clothing and general habits are such as will keep the bodily health and strength up to the highest possible standard.

Given the susceptibility, there are three ways in which people most often take cold : by allowing draughts of cold air to strike the back of the neck, by getting the feet cold or wet, and by becoming suddenly chilled when heated either from exercise or from sitting in a close, warm room.

Doctor Brown-Sequad, of Paris, recognizing these facts, proposes to render the nerves of the neck and feet less sensitive to sudden changes of temperature without discomfort or injury.

But this method has the disadvantage of requiring extensive apparatus. The same beneficial results may pe obtained by a much simpler process. Pour rock salt, or, still better, sea salt, into a two-quart fruit jar till it is half full. Fill the jar with water. Let it stand in your bedroom for twenty-four hours, shaking it a few times, and you will have a strong brine in the jar above the salt.

Pour a pint of this brine into a bowl, and bath the throat and neck thoroughly with it, wiping with a towel. Now follow by rubbing hard with a piece of very coarse flannel till the skin glows. Serve the feet in the same way. Repeat this night and morning, and you will very soon find that you are less liable than before to take cold.

Add water each time after you have used from the jar, so as to have quantity of brine in it continually. A person whose circulation is very inactive should bath the neck and feet in hot water first, then follow with the cold brine and the rubbing.

If one will follow the above directions, and protect himself properly, especially his feet, when going out into the open air, he will rarely or never take cold from the first two causes we have named.

Ancient Inks.

According to the Roman naturalist, Pliny, and other authors, the basis of the ink used by ancient writers was formed of lampblack, or the black taken from burt ivory and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have also supposed that the black liquor which the catfish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis, the the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times.

Inks of different colors were much in vogue. Red, purple, blue and gold and silver inks were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar and carmine ; the purple from the murex, one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the Emberors.

Golden ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans. During the middle or dark ages the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business ; and another connected with it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in colored and gold and silver inke.

His Wife Was Hard to Please.

President Lincoln had been during our most stormy weather to visit the camps of the Generals in Virginia and taken a violent cold. Mrs. Lincoln was in despair, and one day said to Secretary Stanton : "I do wish you would lock Mr. Lincoln out of the rooms for a week. He is ill enough to be in bed now, and suffers agony with his arm from acute rheumatism. I don't know what to do. He goes out and keeps at work every moment."

Mr. Lincoln waved his long arm at the Secretary, saying : "Well, Stanton, there ought to be one comfort for my poor wife, anyhow—the same that the poor man Jefferson had, whose only son died. Did you ever hear the story ?

"His friends, family, neighbors, and church lamented, extolled, and grieved over the loss at the funeral, when Jefferson himself arose and said : 'My dear friends, we have the blessed consolation of knowing that everything was done that could be done. He was bled no less than twenty-four times in twenty-four hours. But he had no strength and had to die !'

"Now, I've been wrapped in no less than twenty four pieces of red flannel and liniment since yesierday, and still my wife isn't satisfied.

Niagara Falls Measurment.

The following are the latest statistics concerning the cataract : The outline of the American Falls is about 1,000 feet, and the height about 165 feet. The descent in the rapids above the American fall is about 40 feet to the half mile. The outline of the Horse-shoe fall is about 2,600 feet, the height about 158 feet, and the descent in the rapid above about 55 feet to three-quarters of a mile. The volume of water passing over both falls is about 15,000,000 cubic feet per minute, or about one cubic mile per week, or 54 cubic miles per year.

Be HONEST and chew FINZER'S OLD HONESTY CHEWING TOBACCO

A Pleasant Chew. Sweet Chew. Lasting Chew. Good quality

OLD HONESTY is

on the market in only one shape— 3x12 - full 16oz plug, the most convenient to cut for pocket or to carry whole.

Insist on having the GENUINE with the red H tin tag, made only by, John Finzer & Bros., Louisville, Ky.

Dobbins' Electric Soap

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid $60,000 twenty years ago has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.

It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric.

It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

It washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE

THERE is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions.

ONE trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial.

LIKE all best things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC

and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

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Dobbins' Electric Soap.

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The Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea is one of the most remarkable phenomena on the earth. The Bible calls it the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, the Greeks of the Lake of Asphalt and the Dead Sea, while the Arabs know it as Bahr Lut, or Sea of Lot' perserving the memory of the tragic castrophe which occurred on its shores. According to the traveler Maundrell, the name Dead Sea is derived from the fact it moveth not, but is ever still. A modern traveler says it is the least dead of anything he knew. On the day of my visit it was greatly agitated—its high and angry waves crested with foam. For other reasons it deserves the title. Not a shrub grows on its shores. Not a fish dwells in its surface. Here and there on the beach lies the dead trunk of a tree, brought down by the Jordan, but thrown up by the unwilling lake. Irby and Mangles tried to light one of these pieces of driftwood, but in vain, on account of the impregnation of salt. The old tradition that birds could not fly over the water and live was a mistake. The lake is the deepest depression on the surface of our continents, being 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean and 600 below the Lake of Galilee. It is 47 miles long and 10 wide, covering three times the area of the northern lake. The water is intensely brackish and bitter, containing 26 per cent of salt, which Dr. Dawson says is not common salt, but mostly the chloride and bromide of magnesium and calcium. There are hot salt and sulphur springs in the hills along its eastern and western shores. The lake has no outlet, but receives the sweet current of the Jordan, which pours 6,000,000 tons of water daily into its deadly and insatiate bosom.

Fifty Years Ago.

In fifty years the household has come out of darkness into light. There were no machine-made pins with firm heads a half-century ago. There were no envelopes, postage stamps, no blotting paper and no steel pens fit to use. The housekeeper had no canned fruits, meat and vegetables. She could get no condensed milk, no cocoa and but little chocolate. Fire was kindled with the tinder box, and candles and pipes were usually lighted with lives coals from the fire place. Tomatoes were not eaten, and neither ice nor refrigerator were known in domestic life.

No photograph of any kind had ever been taken ; garden hose and waterproof garments were unknown, and overshoes were but just thought of fifty years ago. Cooling soda water and ice cream were not at hand, sewing was done by hand and household linen was spun and woven at home. There was no gas nor electric nor kerosene. Whale oil and tallow candles were the sole reliance for light. Coal was barely known and wood was everybody's fuel. Table forks were made of steel, and had but two prongs. Everybody put food into the mouth with a knife, and the bandanna was the predecessor of the napkin. No one had thought of an individual butter plate, and stoves were a rarity. The news of the day was a long time in being disseminated among the people, for the newspapers were scarce and unenterprising, and published hardly any but political news, and this had to come by slow stage coach, for the telegraph and the railroad had hardly come into being.

"The good old times' sounds a great deal better in sentiment than in reality. They were never so good that any one would want to exchange the present for them ; and as good as the present is, there is a future upon which we are rushing that offers to the imagination all tee splendor of the fancy.

Signs of a Long and Cold Winter

"We are going to have a long, cold, hard winter," remarked Samuel Lovelace, an old Jersey farmer, to several friends in New Washington Market yesterday.

"How do you figure that out ?" asked one of the market men.

"In the first place," the Jersyman replied, "just try the skin of any of your fruit. You will find your apples and peaches and grapes, and all your fruit, for that matter, which is home-grown, with a thicker and tougher skin than you have seen for several years. That is one of the indications. That is the way nature takes care of her products. Last winter apples and other fruits were so thin-skinned and tender that it was hard to gather them, if you will remember and we had an ordinarily mild winter. Corn is another of nature's signboards. The ears this year are protected by thicker and stronger husks than I have seen before for years, and talking with farmers up in Pennsylvania I find it the same way. Wheat and rye straw are tougher, hay is wirier and the seed pods are better protected than usual. These old farmer's signs, and the good ones, because they don't come from any moon-planting superstition but from actual observation year after year by a class of men whose interest lie in keeping close watch of all of nature's moods."

Never Take a Lady's Arm.

"The question is often put to me," said a lady, whose opinion in the matters of etquette is wholly competent, "whether it is ever permissible to take a lady's arm in acting as an escort on a promenade." Unhesitatingly and peremptorily, no. Not after nightfall, nor by daylight, nor at any other time. An invalid may lean upon a young woman's arm ; a grandfather, if he is infirm, may avail himself of a similar support, and a Broadway policeman seems to have acquired the right to propel his charge in petticoats across the thoroughfare by a grasp upon the arm, but these are the only persons so privileged. For an acquaintance, a friend, or one who aspires to a still nearer place, to take the arm of a young woman when walking with her on a public highway is inexcusable. You may be sure that nothing will so quickly offend. To see a young woman pushed along, a little in front of her escort, by his clutch upon her arm, reverses all preconceived ideas of gallantry. Offer her your arm, young man, every time, and do not commit the offense of taking hers.